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TELL YOU ABOUT
HOW I
BECAME A
KING...

DICK
BRIEFER

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JULY-AUG.
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No. 8

FRANKENSTEIN

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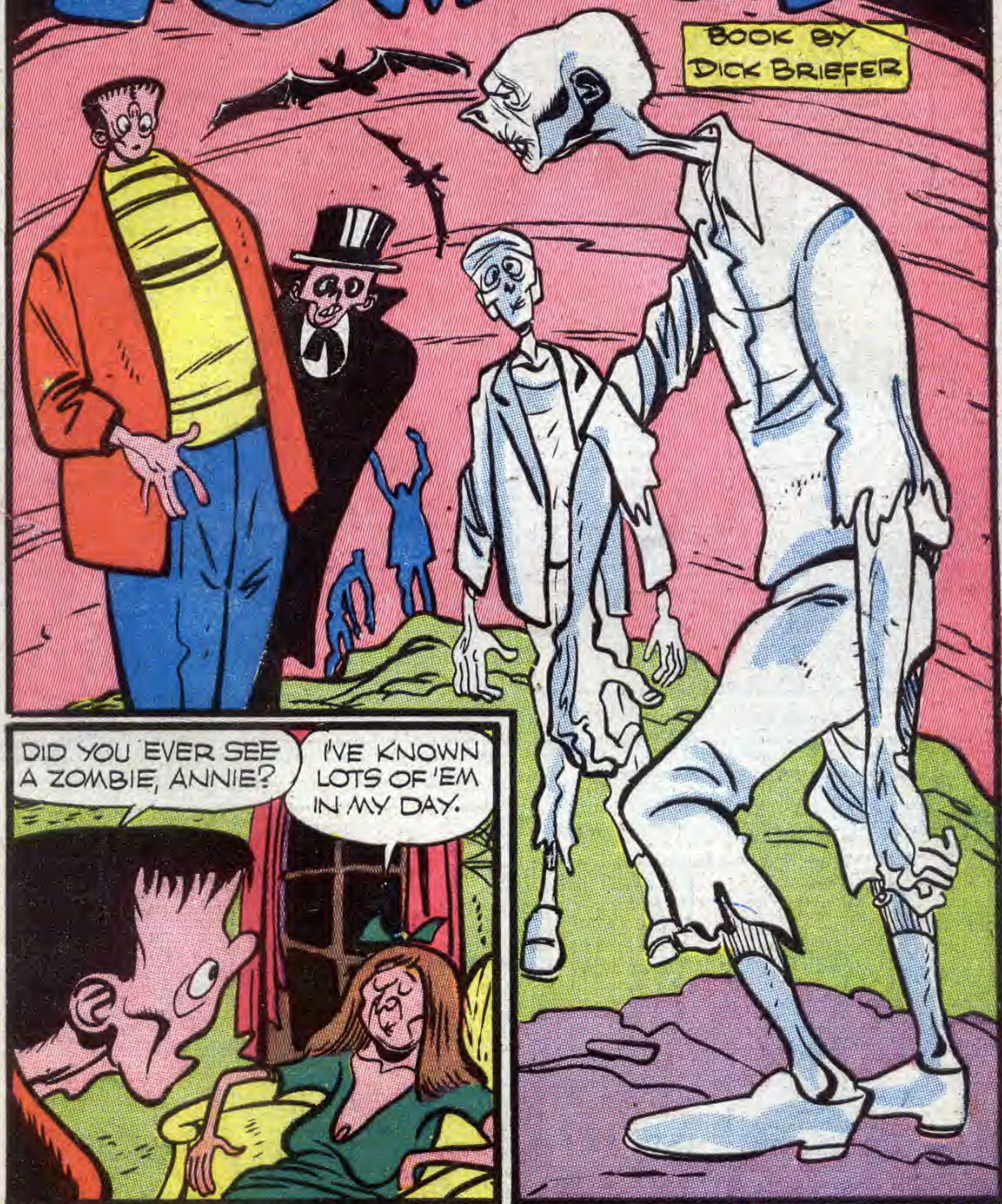
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ I enclose \$4.98 in advance with this order to save shipping charges. Please send the Complete Outfit to me all postage charges prepaid on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

IN RESPONSE TO MANY REQUESTS, WE PRESENT A DOUBLE-LENGTH STORY ABOUT....

The ZOMBIES

BOOK BY
DICK BRIEFER



FRANKENSTEIN is published bi-monthly by Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc., 8 Lord Street, Buffalo 10, N. Y. Editorial offices 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Single copies, 10¢ Subscription (6 issues) 60¢ in the U.S.A. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Buffalo, N. Y. May 21, 1946, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Entire contents Copyrighted 1947 by Crestwood Publishing Co., Inc. JULY-AUGUST, 1947 Vol. 1, No. 8 Printed in the U.S.A.

ZOMBIES ARE DEAD PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN LIFTED FROM THEIR GRAVES AT NIGHT. THEN THEY MOVE AROUND AND FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

IT'S CHEAP LABOR. ZOMBIES WORK LIKE SLAVES...BUT DON'T EAT OR ASK FOR SALARIES. THEY MOSEY AROUND BUT ARE DEAD JUST THE SAME. LOTS OF PEOPLE I KNOW COULD PASS FOR ZOMBIES...ONLY THEY EAT AND ASK FOR SALARIES.

IS THERE ANY CURE FOR A ZOMBIE?

NOT THAT I KNOW OF. YEARS AGO I WAS WORKING ON AN ANTIDOTE BUT GAVE IT UP. TOO MUCH PRESSURE FROM ZOMBIE OWNERS.

Y'KNOW, I BEEN THINKING... WHY DON'T WE HAVE SOME ZOMBIES AROUND THE HOUSE? IT WOULD MAKE OUR SOCIAL GROUP COMPLETE.

EASY ENOUGH. HAVE THE GHOULS DIG UP SOME BODIES. I'LL MAKE ZOMBIES OUT OF 'EM.

O.K... WE'LL HAVE ZOMBIES!

I THINK IT WOULD
BE NICE WITH
ZOMBIES. THEY
ADD CLASS.

THEN GO
ON OUT
AND GET
SOME BODIES.



HERE'S A CEMETERY. GOSH,
IT'S DARK..CAN'T SEE A THING.



WHAT IS THIS? WE'VE DUG
DOWN TEN FEET AND NO
COFFIN! LET'S TRY THE
OTHER GRAVES.



THE SAME THING! NOT A
COFFIN OR BODY IN ANY
OF THEM!!



WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!
THE GRAVES ARE
EMPTY!

SOMEBODY ELSE
GOT THE BODIES
FIRST!

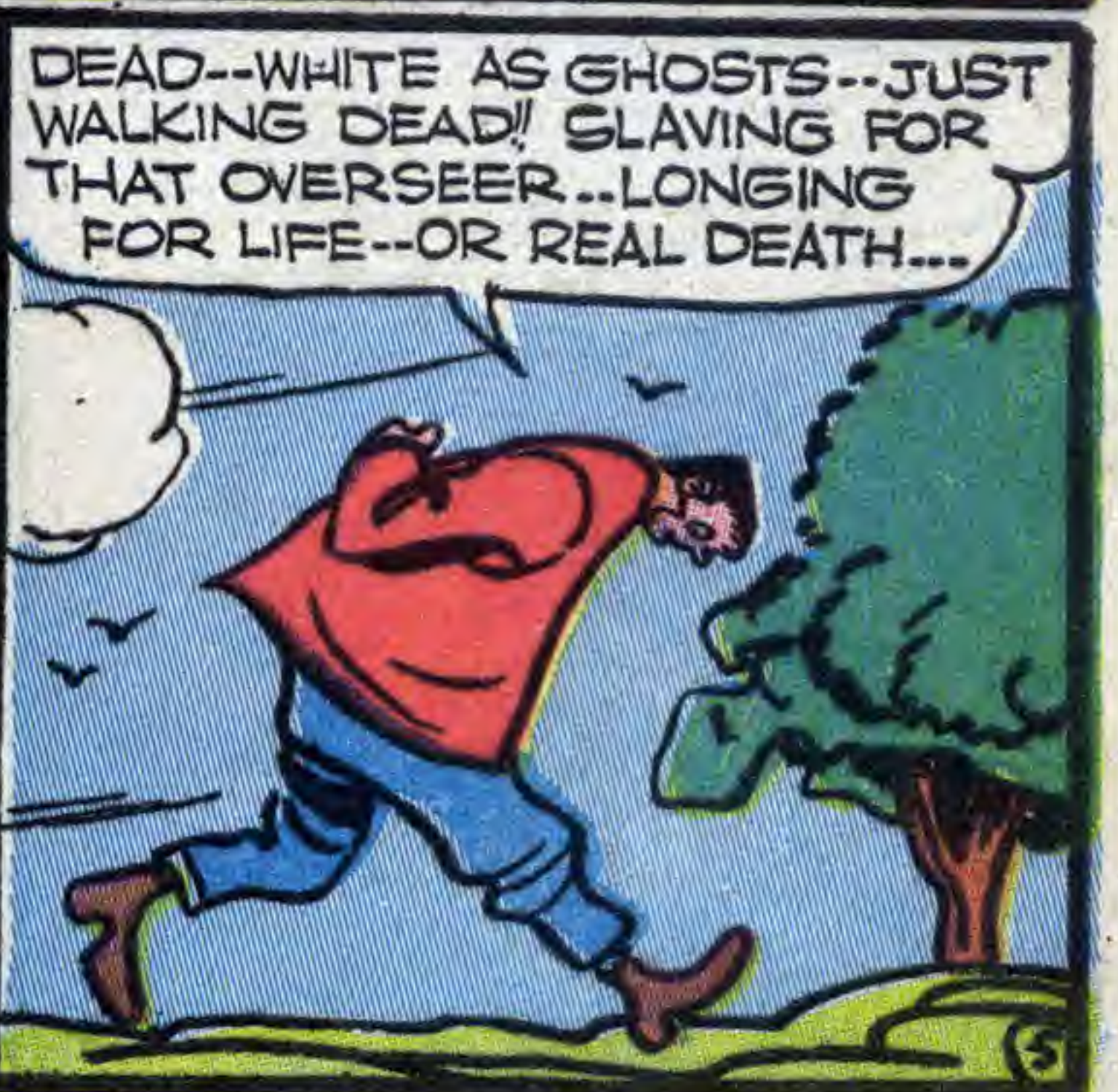
EGAD!



THAT MEANS ONLY ONE
THING.. SOMEBODY IS
ALSO THINKING OF
MAKING ZOMBIES OUT
OF THE BODIES! WE'VE
GOT TO SEARCH
FOR THEM!!







ANNIE--I'VE FOUND THE BODIES
THE BOYS COULDN'T LOCATE LAST
NIGHT. THEY'RE ZOMBIES, ANNIE!!
YOU'VE GOT TO PERFECT YOUR
ANTIDOTE AND GIVE THEM
THEIR FREEDOM.



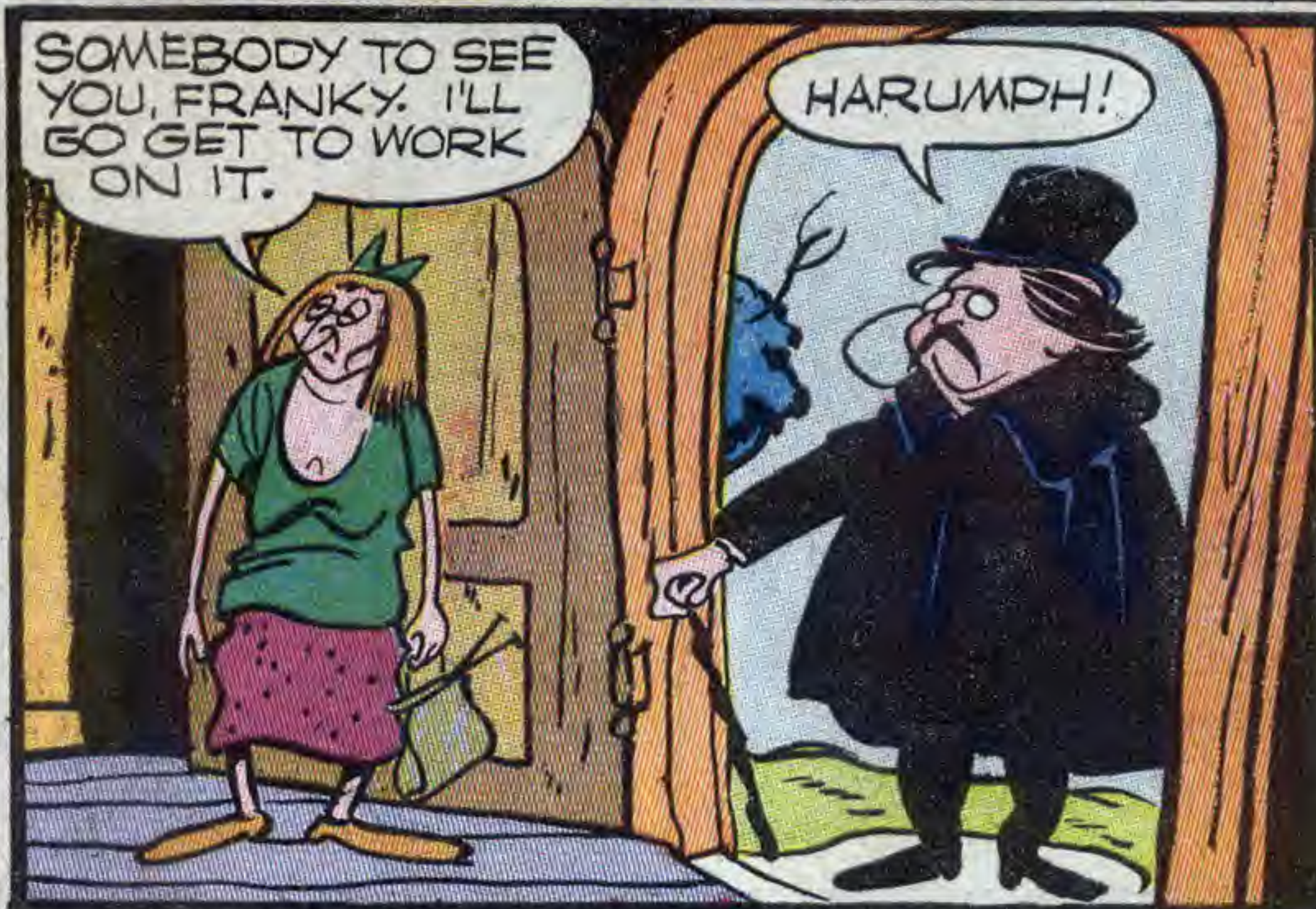
IF MY ANTIDOTE WORKS, THEY'LL
COME TO LIFE. THEN WHAT?
INCOME TAXES, MORTGAGES...
LET 'EM ALONE.. THEY'RE
BETTER OFF THIS WAY.



KNOCK



SOMEBODY TO SEE
YOU, FRANKY. I'LL
GO GET TO WORK
ON IT.



HARUMPH!

I AM DR. GIDEON FELDMAN,
PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR AND
STUDENT OF THE SUPERNAT-
URAL.



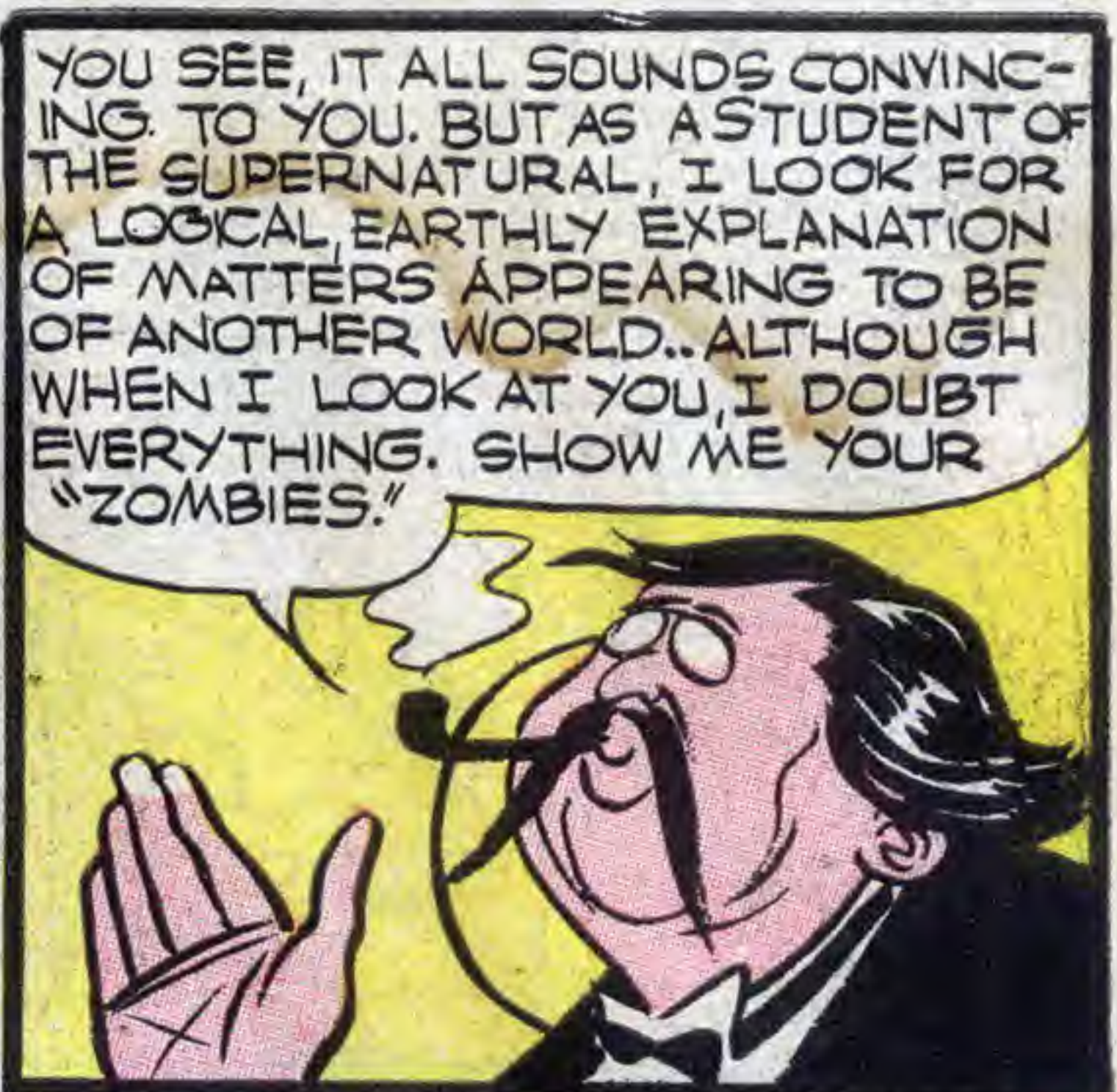
SOME LOCAL MAN HAS HIRED
ME TO INVESTIGATE INTO THE
UPROOTING OF HIS.... WHY
MAN, YOU LOOK
WORRIED!!





..AND THAT'S THE STORY..NO BODIES IN THE GRAVEYARD, ZOMBIES SLAVING AWAY IN THAT EERIE HOUSE..

DON'T FRET, SON. WE'LL FIND A SOLUTION.



YOU SEE, IT ALL SOUNDS CONVINCING. TO YOU. BUT AS A STUDENT OF THE SUPERNATURAL, I LOOK FOR A LOGICAL, EARTHLY EXPLANATION OF MATTERS APPEARING TO BE OF ANOTHER WORLD..ALTHOUGH WHEN I LOOK AT YOU, I DOUBT EVERYTHING. SHOW ME YOUR "ZOMBIES."



ZOUNDS!! THEY ARE ZOMBIES!! PALE..LISTLESS AUTOMATONS!!



I MUST GO TO INVESTIGATE THE COMPLAINT OF THAT LOCAL MAN. I WILL KEEP THIS ZOMBIE AFFAIR IN MIND. BRRR!



HOW DO YOU DO?! YOU WILL PLEASE RELATE THE FACTS TO ME.

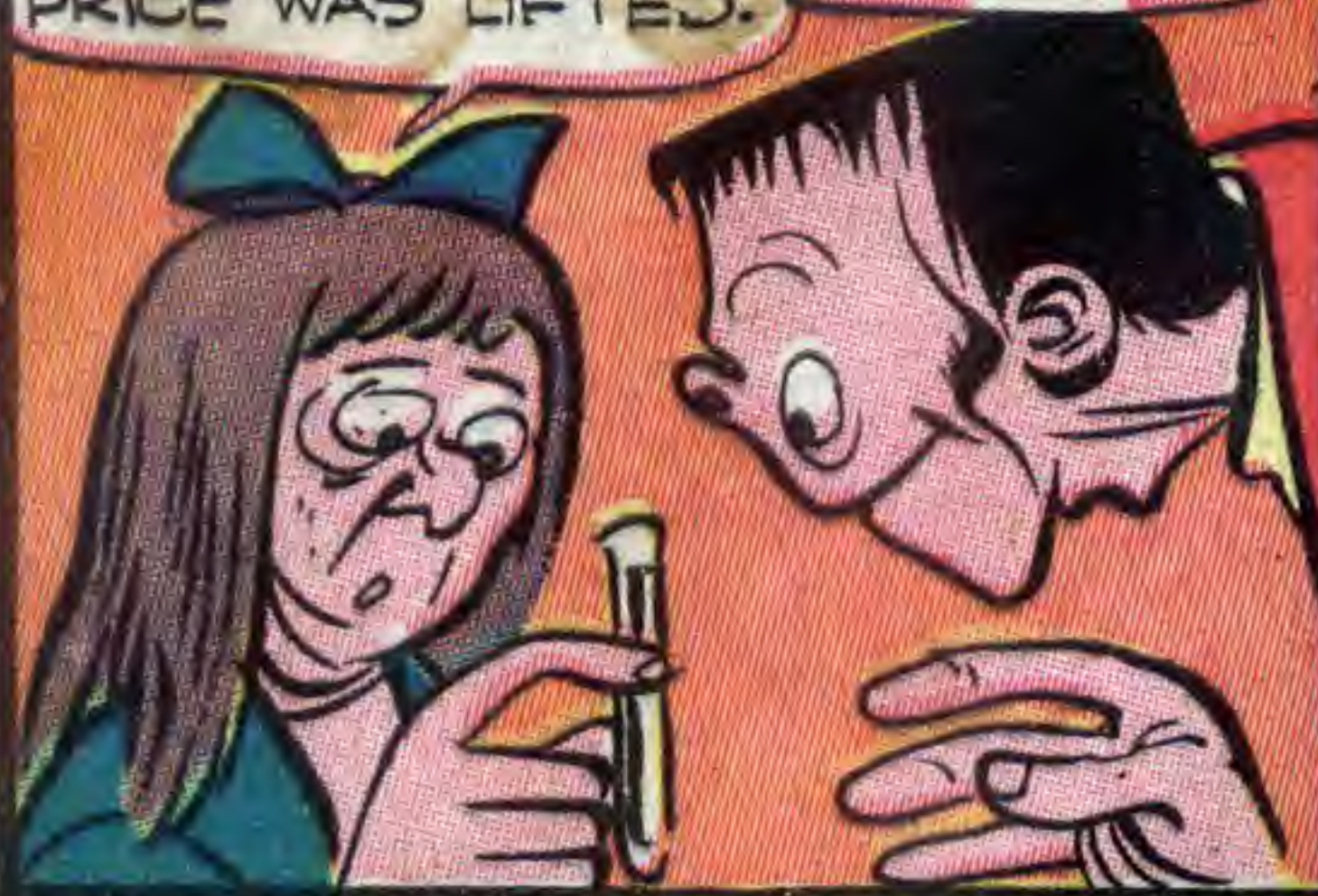
WELL, LAST NIGHT, BY HECK, SOMEONE CAME AROUND AND...



DR. GIDEON FELDMAN IS GOING TO WORK ON THE ZOMBIES, ANNIE.

THAT QUACK SHAMUS? FORGET IT. HERE'S AN ANTI-ZOMBIE MISHAGOSS.

HERE'S THE STUFF..MADE OF THE BEST DRIED BAT SPLEENS, LIZARD LUNGS, AND TURTLE TOES. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THEY COST TO-DAY SINCE THE CEILING PRICE WAS LIFTED.



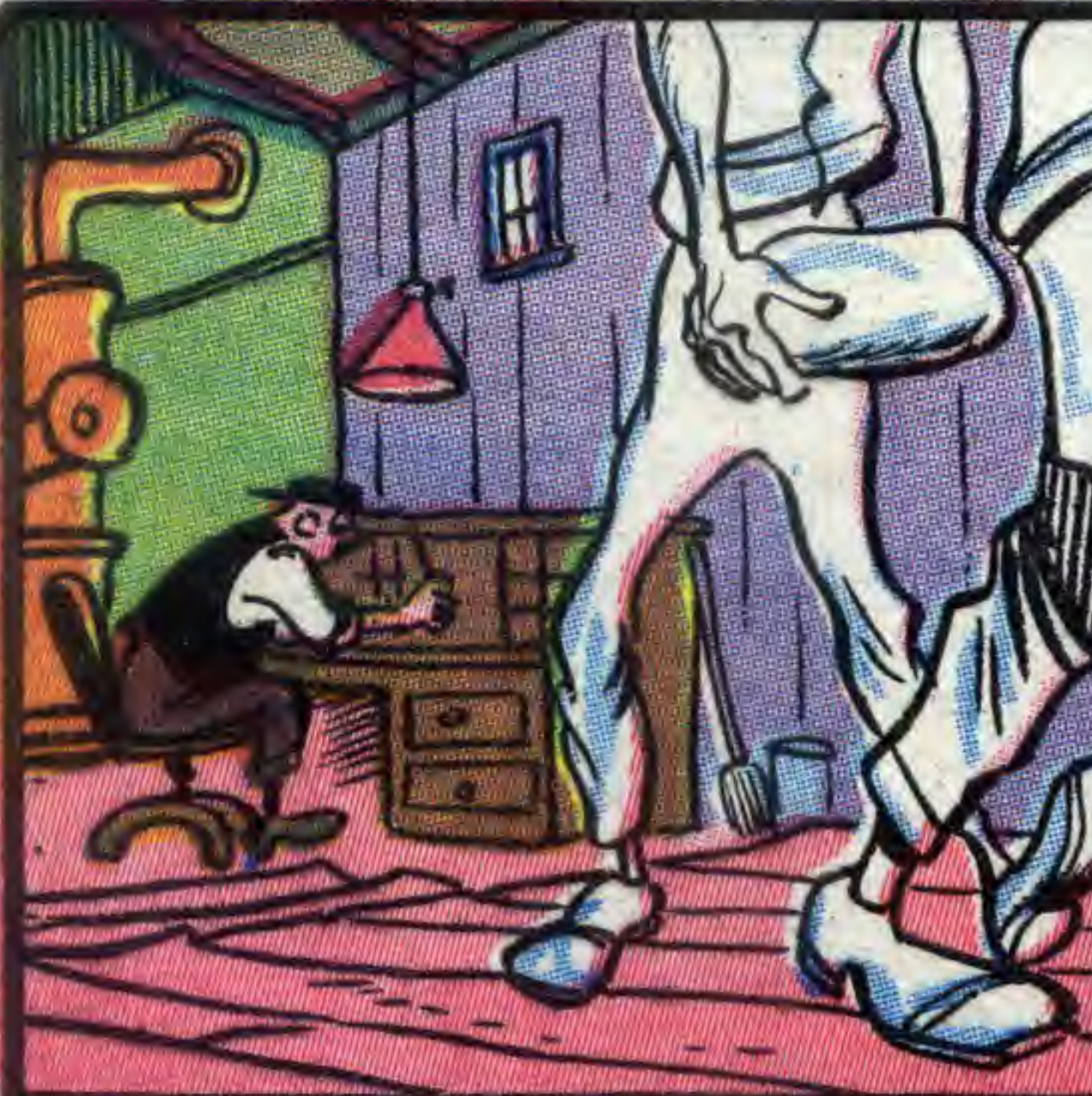
YOU'LL HAVE TO SPRINKLE IT AROUND THE ZOMBIES, AND IF IT WORKS, THEY'LL ONCE AGAIN BE LIVE MEN. IF IT DON'T, SUE ME!

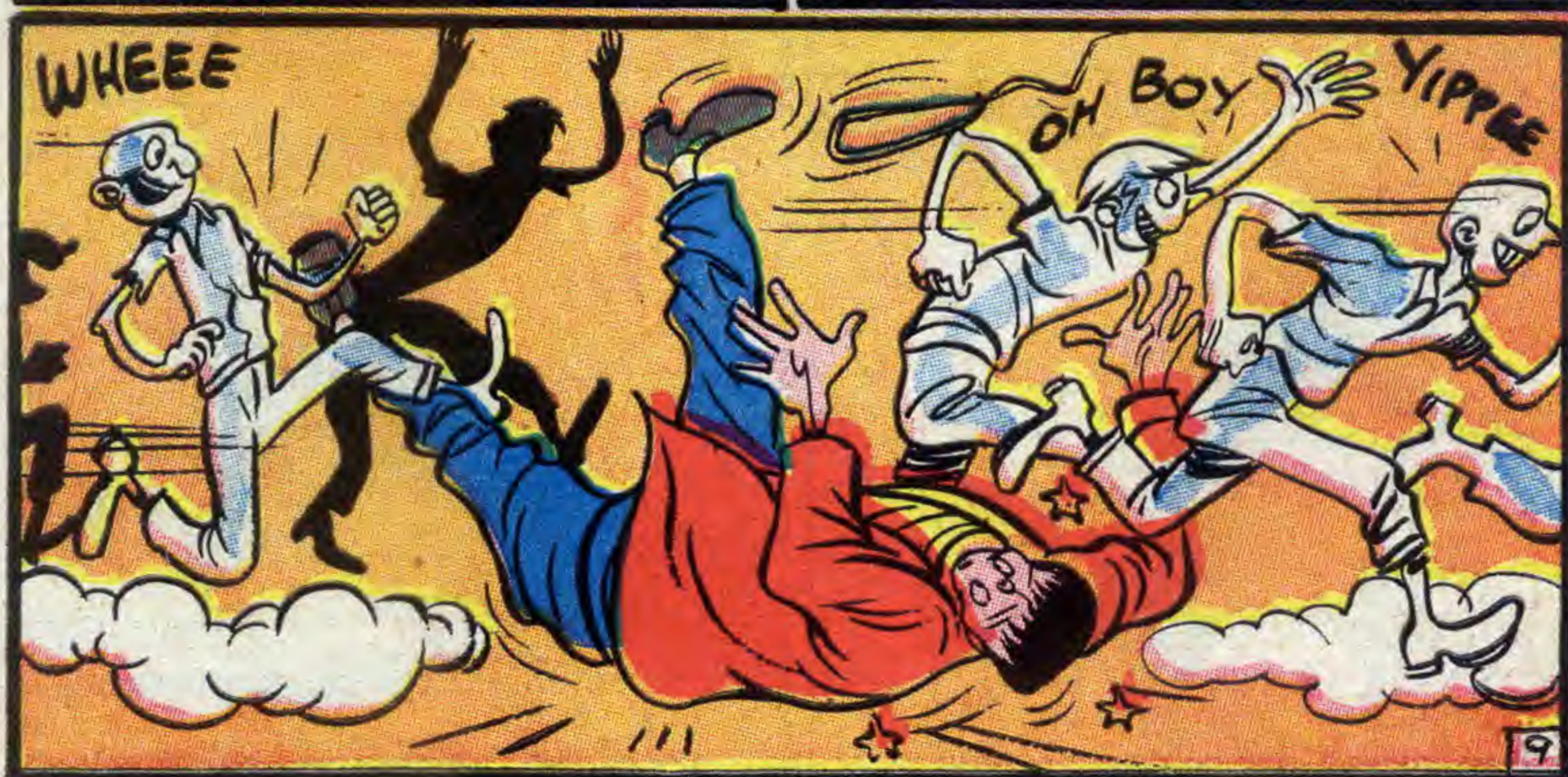
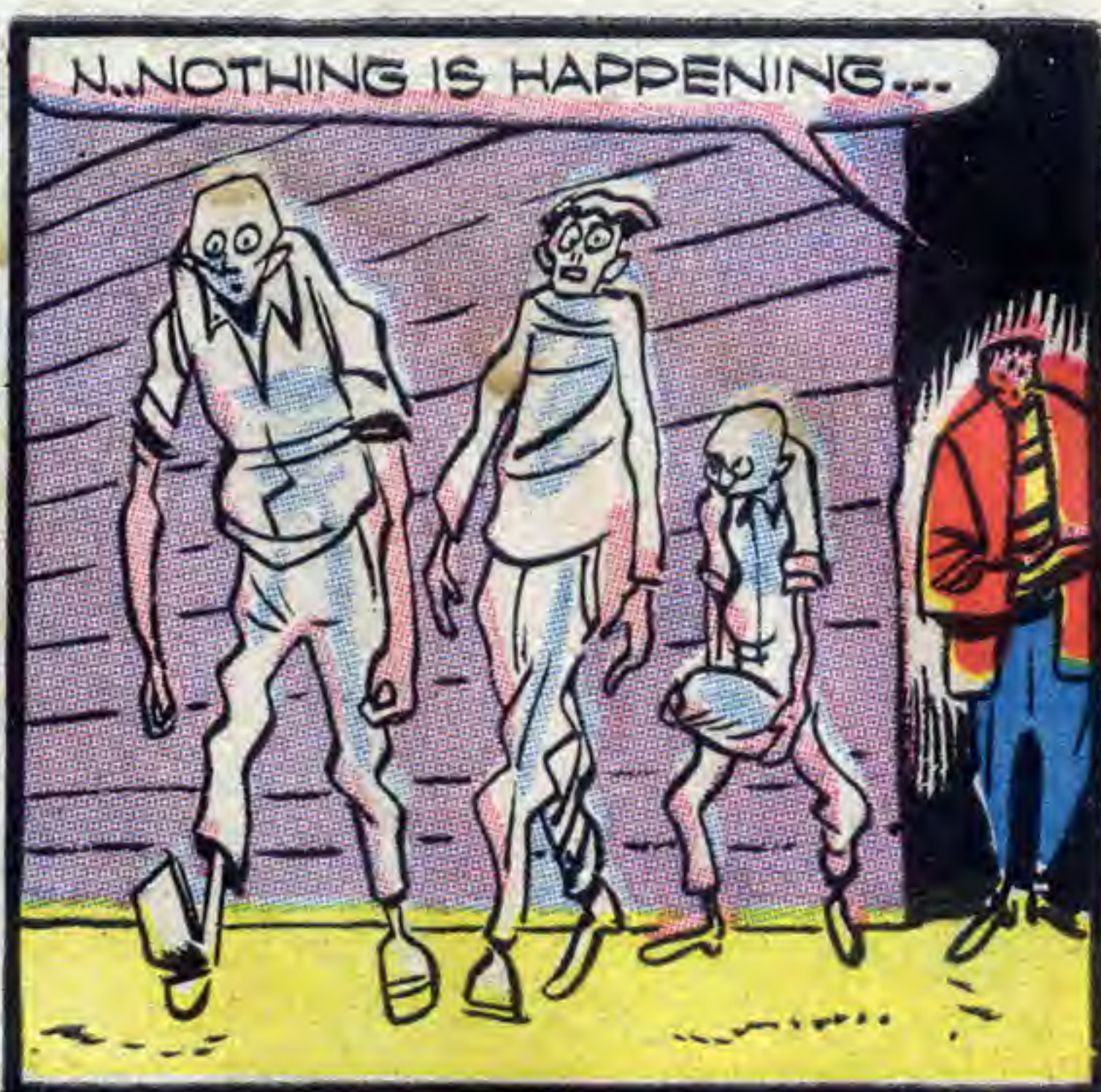


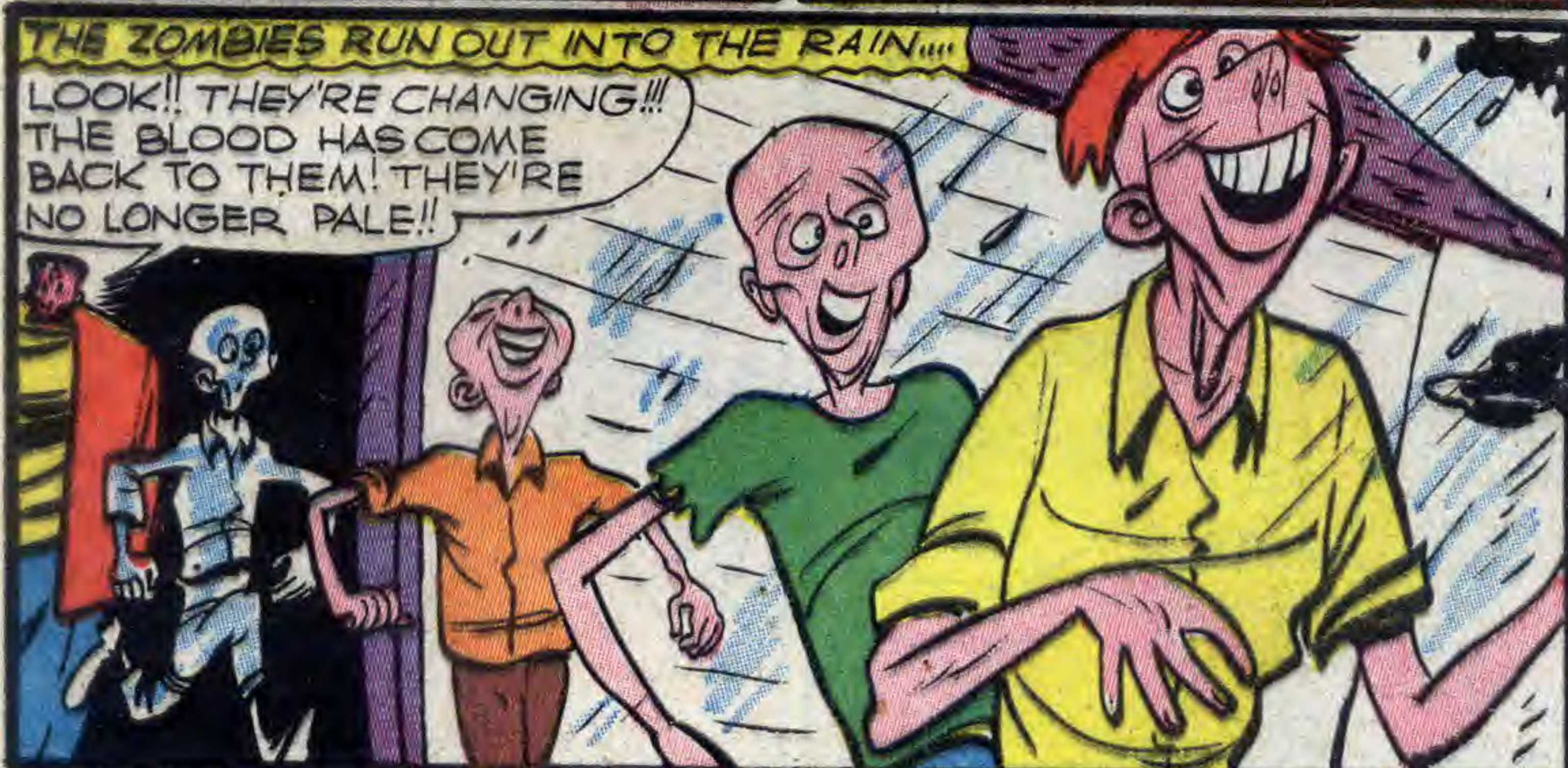
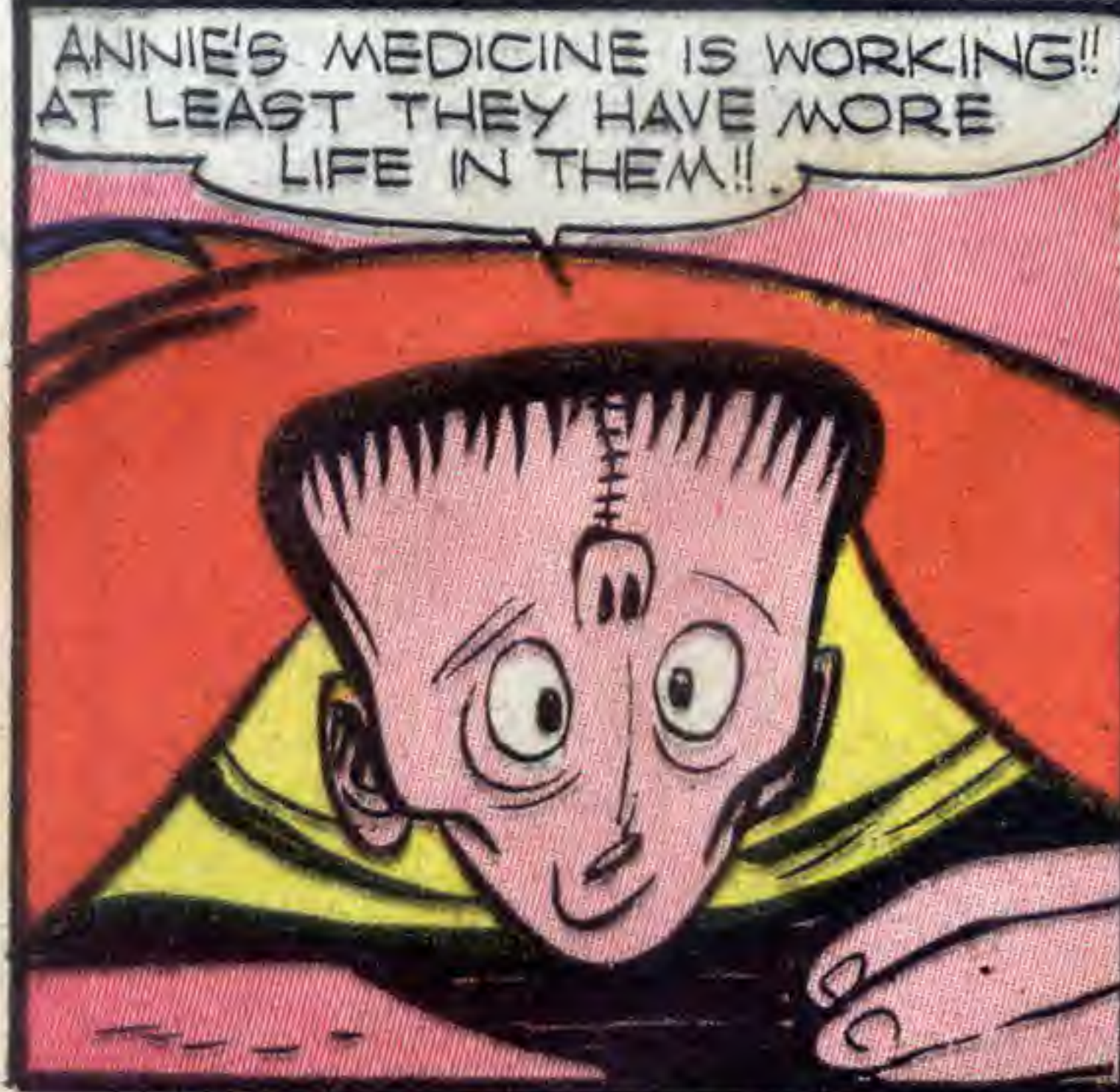
OH, OH--
STARTING
TO RAIN!

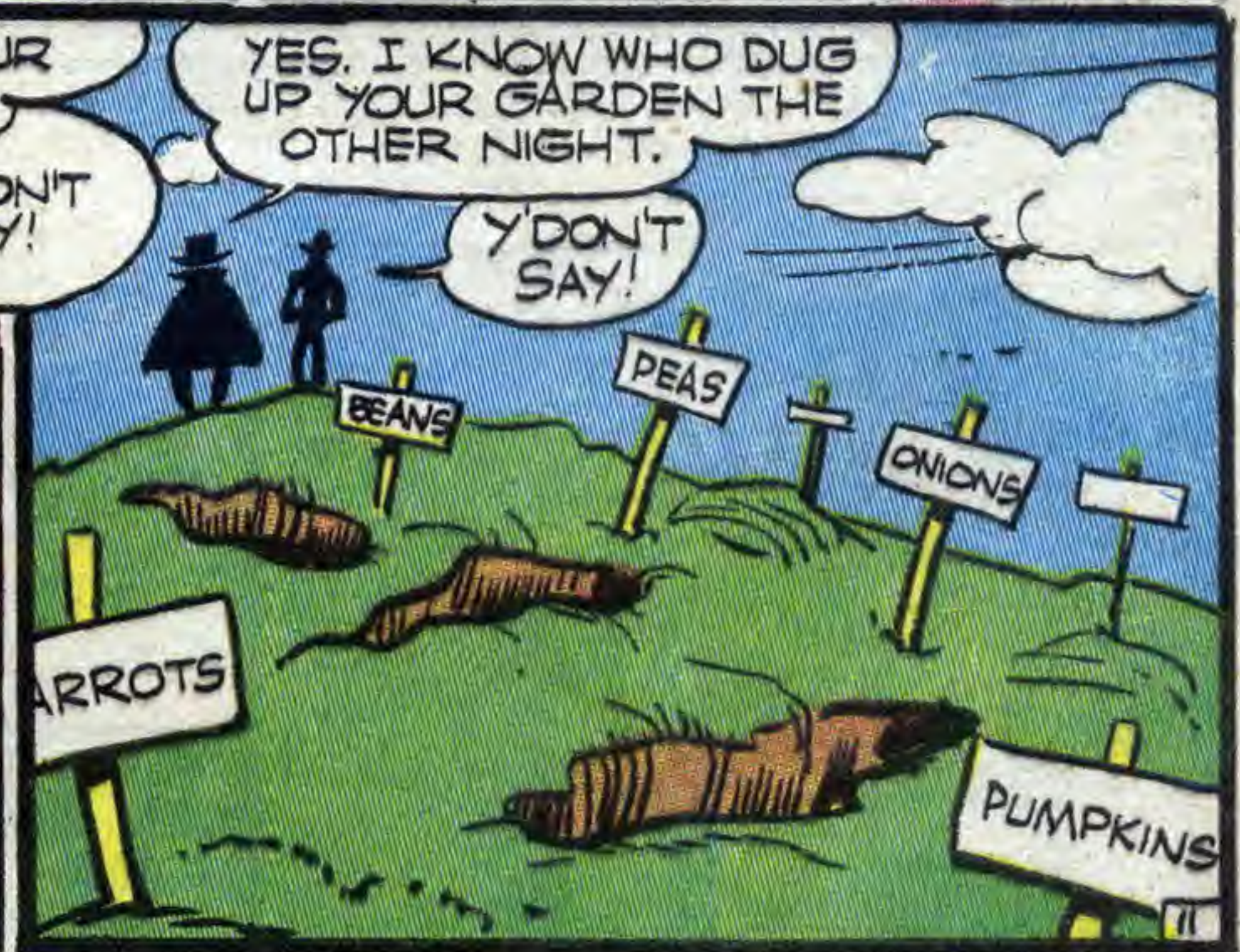
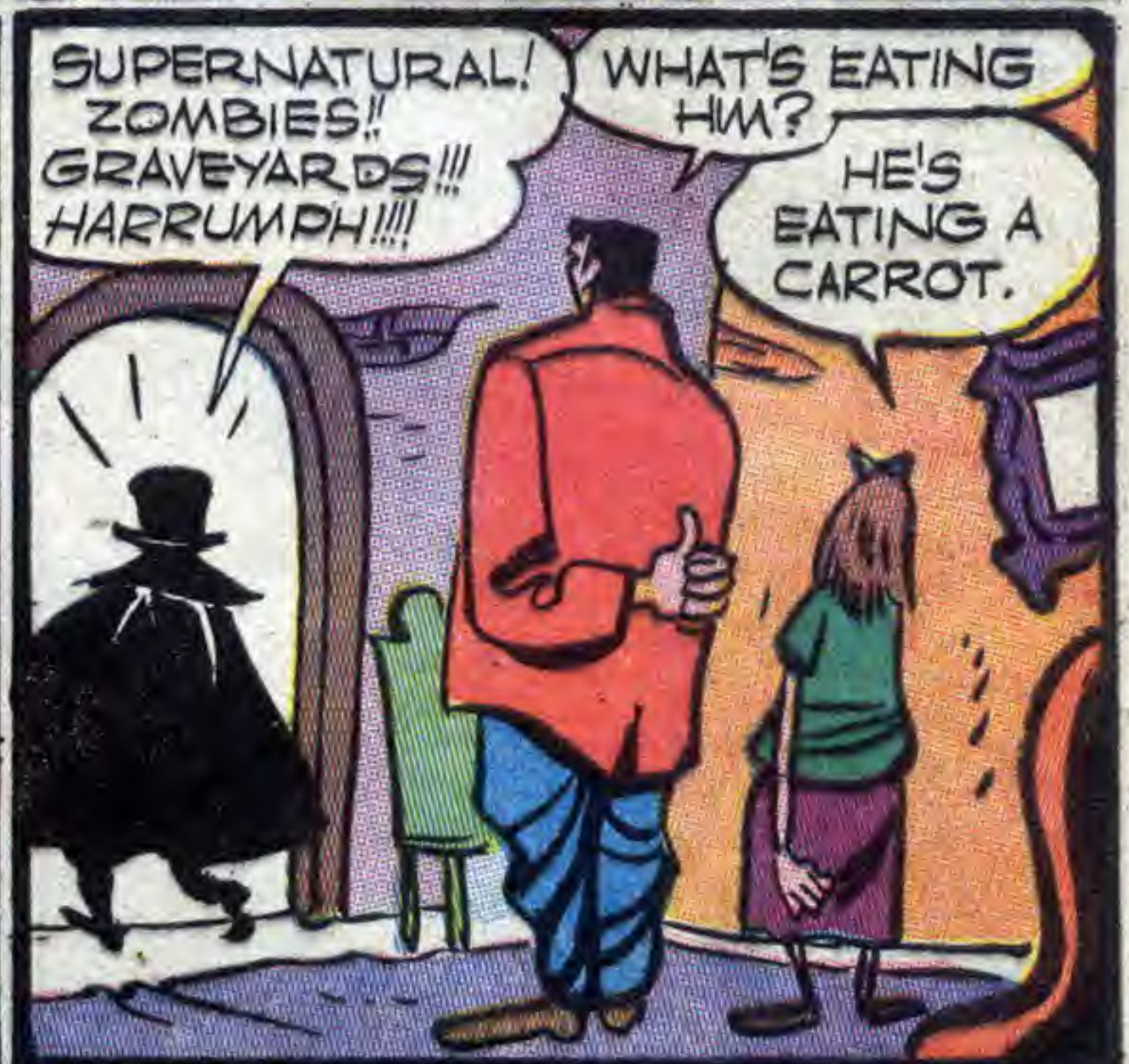
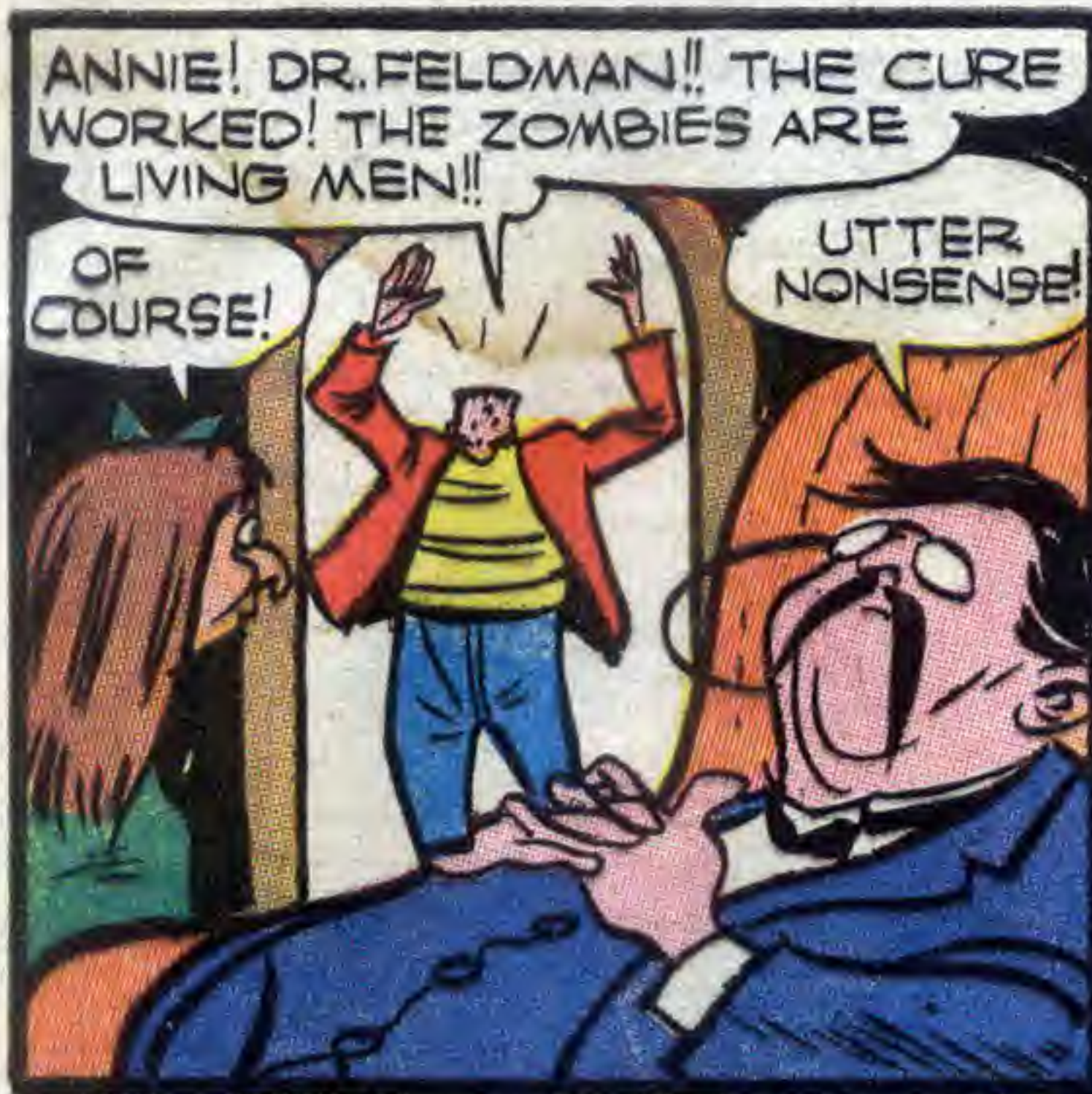


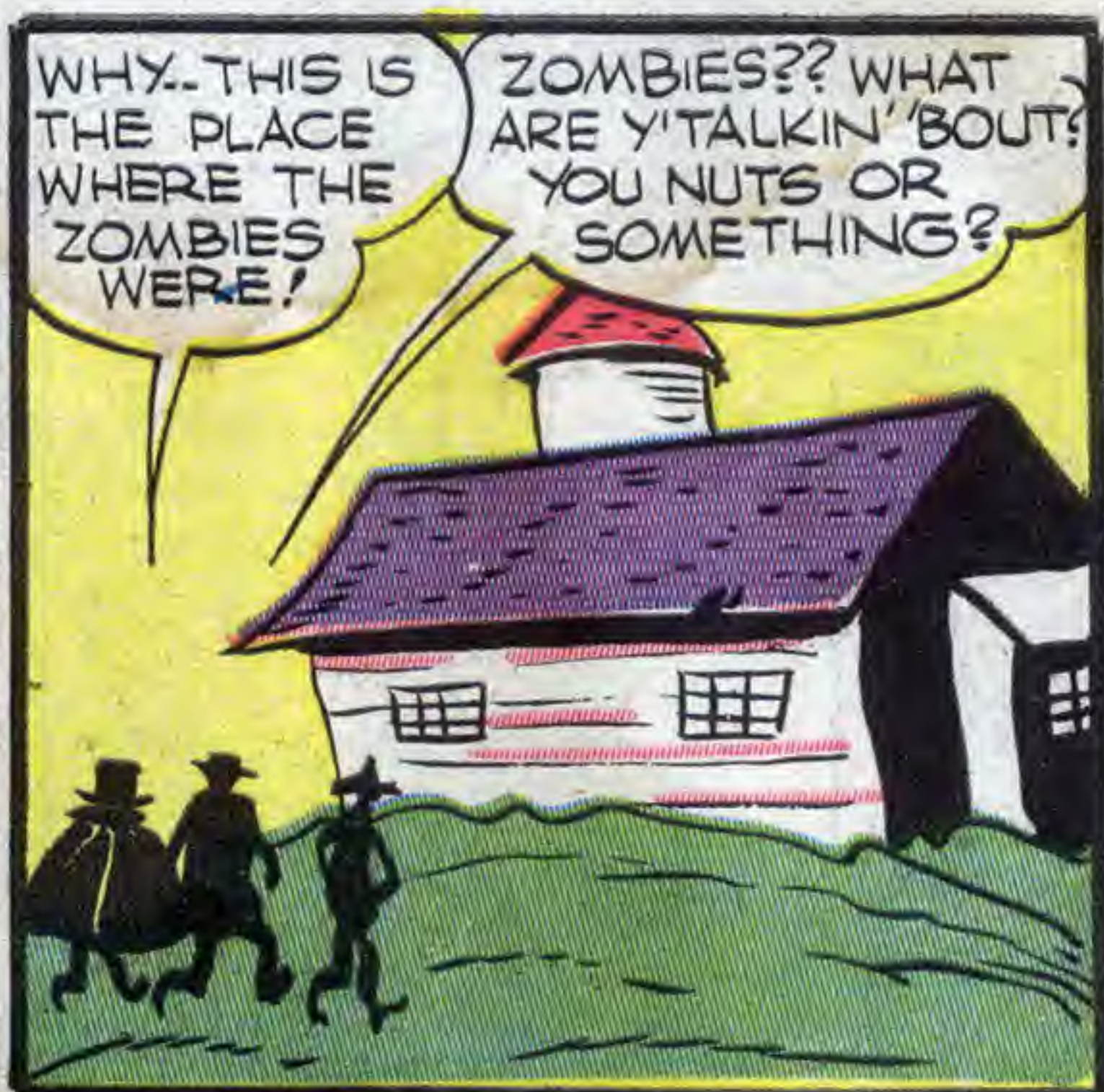
THE OVERSEER IS BUSY AT HIS DESK--AND THE ZOMBIES DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME....











TELL HIM HIS GHOUL FRIENDS
DUG UP A GARDEN INSTEAD OF A
CEMETERY. TELL HIM THE ZOMBIES
WERE MERELY WORKERS IN A
FLOUR MILL, WHO EAGERLY RAN
OUT WHEN FRANKENSTEIN PULLED
THE QUITTING WHISTLE.. AND THE
RAIN WASHED OFF THE FLOUR
ON THEM.



ALL
THAT?

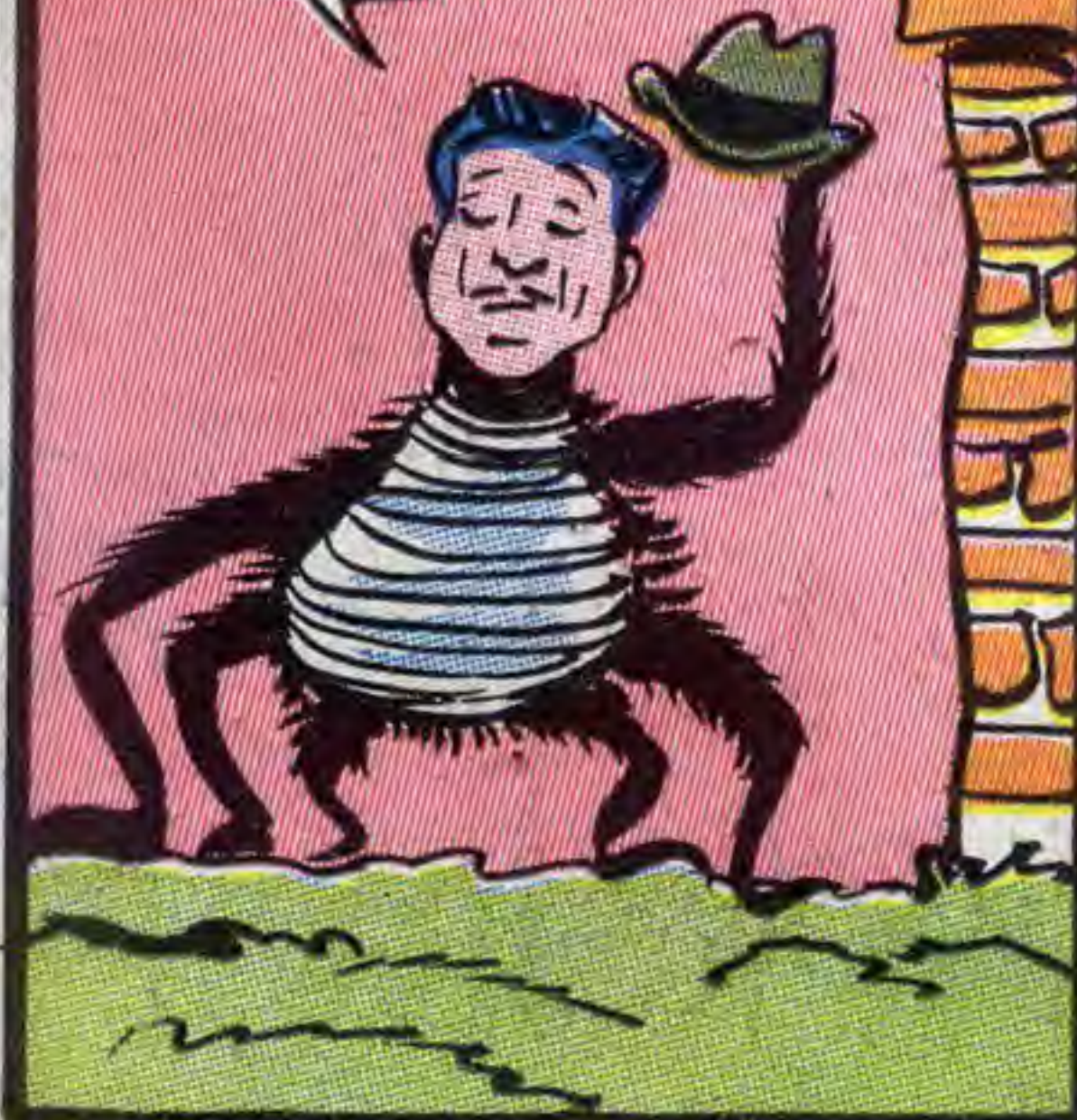
FRANKENSTEIN IS FOOL ENOUGH
TO BELIEVE IN THE SUPERNATURAL.
I HAVE DISPROVED THE OCCULT
ASPECT OF THIS AFFAIR BY
EMPLOYING LOGICAL REASONING.



GOOD NIGHT, SIR.
YOU STRIKE ME AS
BEING THE ONLY
NORMAL PERSON
AROUND HERE.



THANK YOU,
SIR!



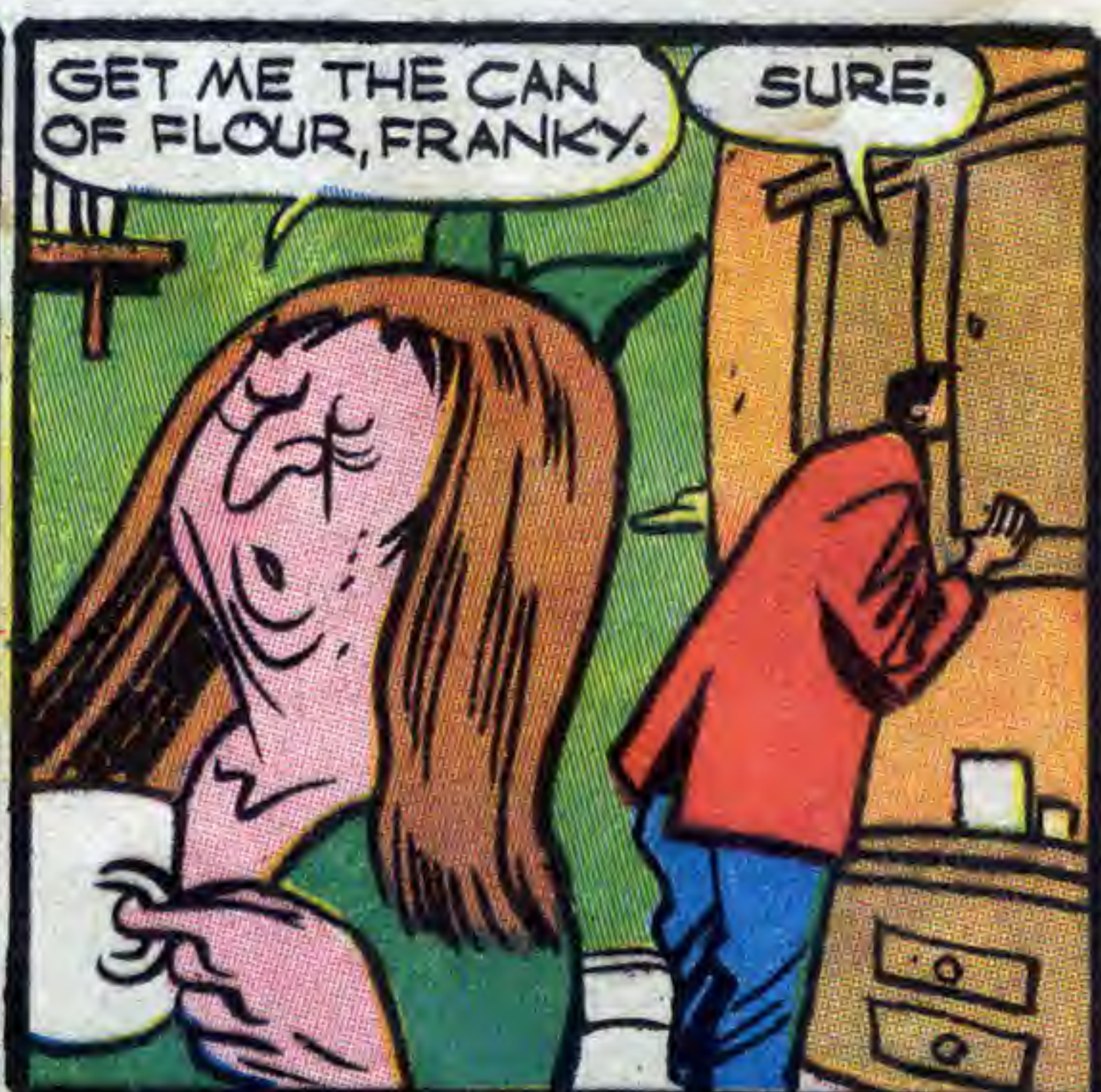
HELLO, FRANKENSTEIN.. HELLO
ANNIE-- WHAT'CHA
DOING?

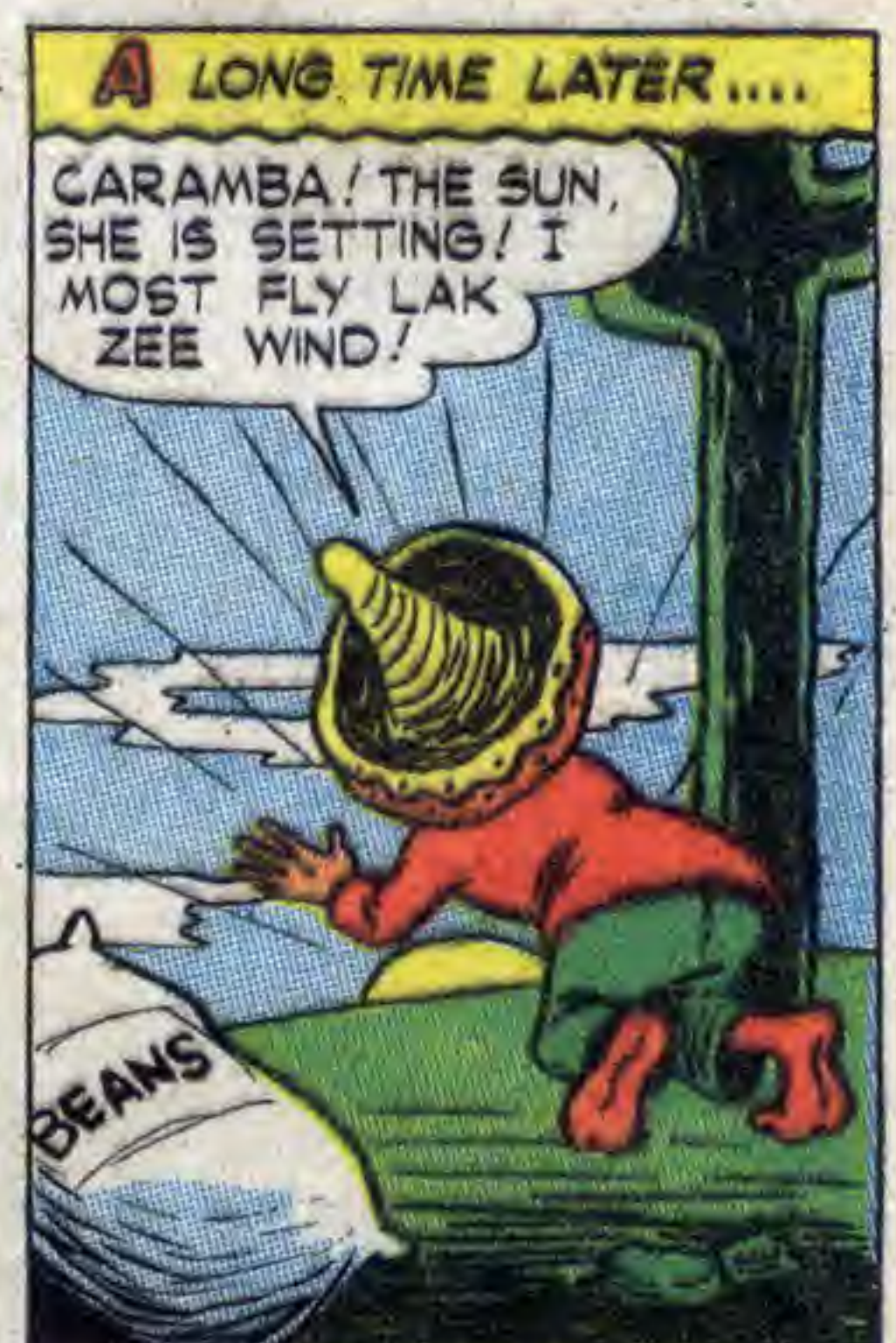
BAKING A
CAKE.



DID I SAY
SOMETHING
OFF-COLOR
??







THE MUSICAL HORSE

By CREST WOOD

JOHNNY GATES was a funny old guy, you had to laugh every time he told a story, because he made you laugh—and Johnny had a story to cover every situation.

Now you know how it is in a small town—I mean a real small town, where everybody gathers at the depot to watch the fast express come through, and all the able-bodied men belong to the volunteer fire department. You know everybody in town and everybody knows you.

So it wasn't strange that we had nightly bull sessions in Al Coons' store. We'd sit around the old pot-bellied stove and just talk—and the best talker, of course, was Johnny Gates. No matter what the subject, Johnny could top any yarn.

This particular evening the discussions started slowly. None of the boys seemed to have anything to say—we were talked out. Even Johnny Gates was silent, concentrating on his old briar pipe, poking around in the stem with a broom straw. It was so quiet that we could hear the fire hissing in the old stove, and the occasional crunch of a footstep on the frozen snow outside.

Al Coons cleared his throat, and the noise made us jump. He said, "What's the matter, boys? You talked out?"

Ed Donilson, the State Trooper, hitched his gun belt around so that the big forty-five didn't poke into his thigh. "Yeah. These birds haven't anything more to say. I think I'll keep on my beat, even though it's two below. You birds sitting so quiet gets on my nerves."

Suddenly Al snapped his fingers, "I have it. We'll give a prize for the biggest lie. A—a box of my best cigars. How's that?"

That did it. Everybody started talking at once, eyes alight, leaning forward in their chairs. Big Ed, a smile on his rugged face, unstrapped the gun belt and placed it under his chair. He said, "Mercenary bunch—listen to them now, like a pack of magpies."

Al finally restored order, and acting as chairman, got each of the men to tell his story in turn. He and Ed acted as judges for the lie-telling contest.

Well, the stories started. They were all

in the usual vein. Bill Myers, the editor of the weekly "Clarion," told a fish yarn—about the big one that got away. Don Roston who ran the gas station spun one about the time the river froze solid . . . and so it went . . . pretty usual stuff.

All the while the others were talking, Johnny Gates sat in his chair, and fiddled with the pipe stem, trying to clear the stuffed tobacco out. He had his chair tilted against the wall, and seemed perfectly relaxed.

Then his turn came. He blew through the pipe, satisfied now that the stem was cleared, filled it from the worn pouch, lit it, and let out a cloud of hard-smelling blue smoke. Johnny was all set.

He began: "All of you know about the trotting races up in Martinsville. If you don't you should. Years ago, they were the classic event in horse racing up around here. They were held as the high spot in the State Fair."

All the boys nodded. Of course we knew about the races in Martinsville. True, most of us were only kids when the last one was held. But Johnny would know all about them, since he was more than sixty years old.

"Well," said Johnny, "the last race in Martinsville was held during the State Fair in 1910, the year the race track, the stables and the stands were destroyed by the big fire. I was a real trotting fan in those days, and wanted to get into the race, very badly."

"But I had no money, and no rig . . . and worst of all, no horse. There didn't seem much hope for me to enter the race. I was standing by the stables watching the horses being groomed, and the trainers taking them through their paces."

He paused, and let out another cloud of smoke. Johnny's tobacco was strong and pungent, and we often wondered if it tasted as badly as it smelled.

"At any rate, I was just loafing around, when a gentleman approached me. He said, 'Young feller, do you want a hoss?' I said sure. He led me to a beautiful chestnut mare, who was hitched to a racing sulky. She's yours, young feller, he said, and walked away."

"Believe me. I was dumbfounded. Here I had a horse, a racing sulky and even a registered entry form in the race, which I found under the sulky seat. It seems that my new horse was named Boom-Tee-Ay, and she was two years old . . . a real beauty. She looked like a trotter, held her head up proud, and had a powerful chest and slim legs. Her coat shone in the sun, and her eyes were clear and bright."

"I climbed into the sulky, picked up the reins and drove her to the track, I was going to see how she could run. But when we reached the track, she stopped short, and refused to move. I yelled, and pleaded and cajoled. I threatened her at the top of my voice, but that horse refused to budge. No wonder I had been given her. She was a balker. She wouldn't run."

"Well, friends, I sat in that sulky and started thinking. What in the world was the good of having a horse to run in a race, if the horse wouldn't run. While I was thinking, I commenced humming, it's a habit with me . . . and the more I thought, the louder I hummed, until I commenced singing under my breath, and then real loud. You know, I was with the Rough Riders back in '98, and so I found myself singing "Break The News To Mother," which was a popular song then."

"No sooner did the first words of the song leave my lips then Boom-Tee-Ay turned her head, looked at me with those big brown eyes, and then started off down the track like a lightning streak. Believe me, I had all I could do to hold her. But I stopped singing, and she stopped running. I started singing again, and she started running. I stopped, she stopped. I started. She started."

"I got the idea. She had to be sung to, in order to keep her running. I sang. I sang every song I knew, and for some she opened up, for some she slowed down. That horse had her preference. Then, by some stroke of luck, I sang "Tara-ra-Boom-Tee-Ay." Believe me, friends, she was a whirlwind . . . a whirlwind, I tell you. The first time around, I clocked her in 2:07—a track record. The second time, she made it in 2:05. I was beside myself. This was the horse. She was the fastest thing on the track and she was mine . . . all mine."

"Well, I took her out over the course for the next two days. Then came the big race. I went to the bank and drew out every

cent I had in the world . . . forty-five dollars, and I bet the money on Boom-Tee-Ay to win. The odds, friends, were sixty to one, because nobody had ever heard of Boom-Tee-Ay. Yes sir, it was easy pickings for me, and I wished I had a lot of more money to bet on her."

"The race was run by heats. You had to win two out of three heats, and then the heat winners ran off the finals. Gentlemen, Boom-Tee-Ay won the first two heats so handily, that I had her unharnessed before the second horse came in. This was not at her top speed, because I did not sing "Tara-ra-Boom-Tee-Ay" to her, merely "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight." I was saving "Tara-ra-Boom-Tee-Ay" for the finals."

"You should have seen the excitement. People crowded around me, asked questions. Tried to bet on her. But it was too late. The betting was closed, and the odds remained at sixty to one. There were plenty of long faces among the bookmakers—and the people who had bet on the favorite."

"The gun went off for the finals, and I started her off with "Break The News To Mother" . . . and went into a three length lead. At the half-way mark, I switched over to "Keep The Home Fires Burning," alternating with "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight." I had a five length lead."

Johnny stopped, and re-lit his pipe. Al Coons said, "Well? What did you do with all the money you won?"

The old man grinned. "Won? Man, I lost. Finished last."

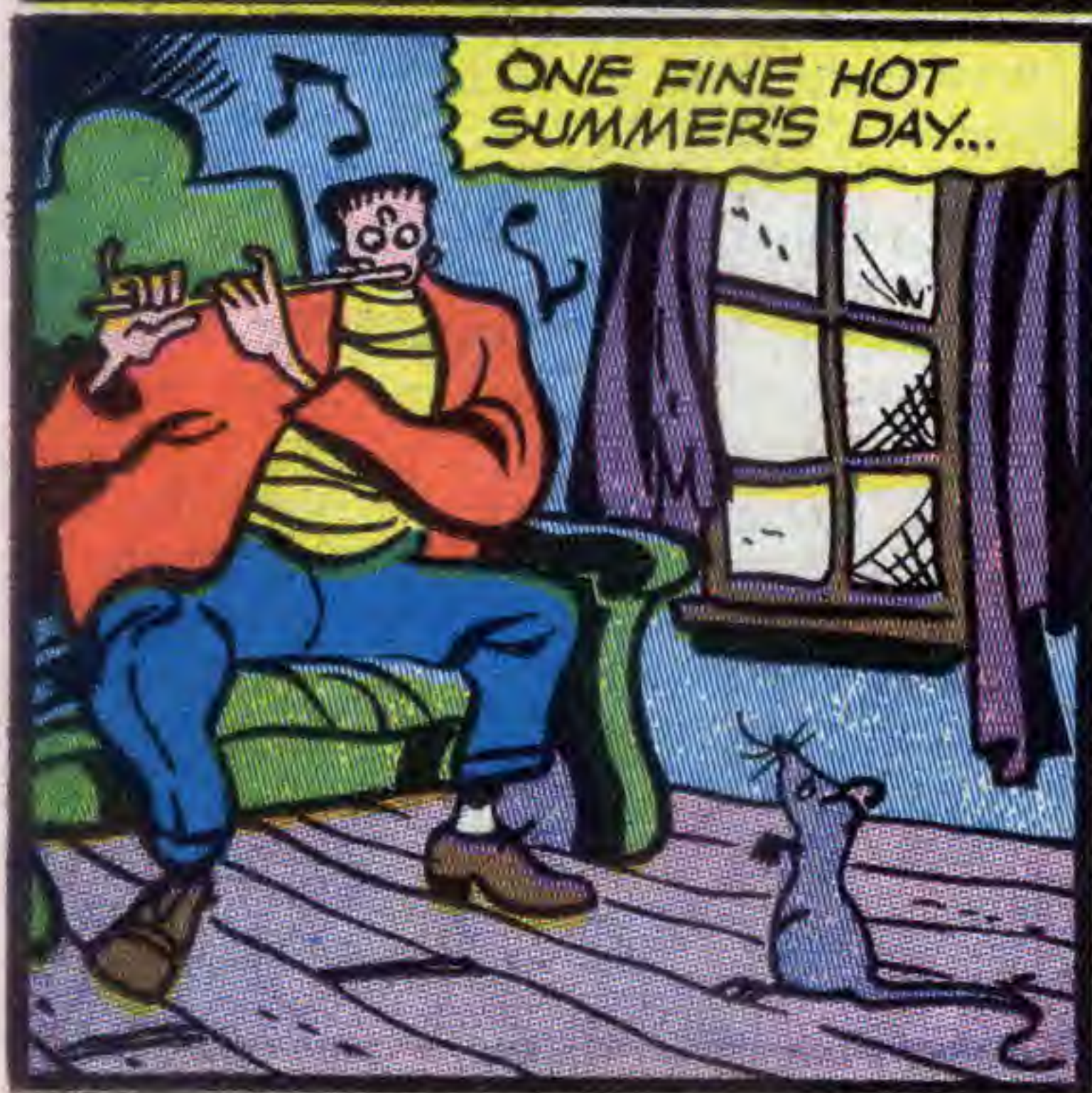
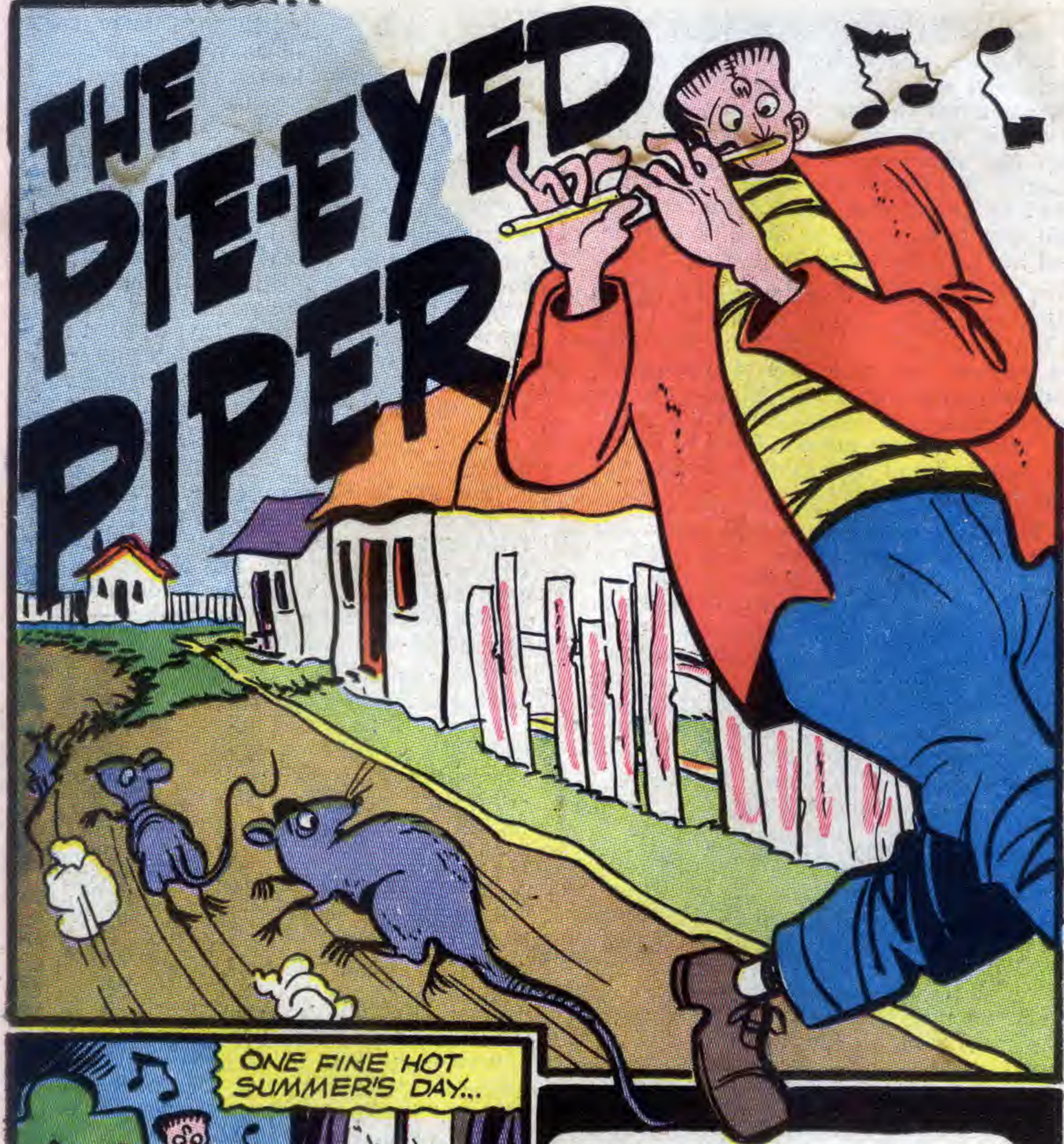
"What happened?" we all asked.

"Oh that," said Johnny. "In the home stretch I started singing "Tara-ra-Boom-Tee-Ay." Suddenly, there was no sound coming from my throat. I developed laryngitis from singing so much, and couldn't even whisper. With the result that Boom-Tee-Ay stopped dead, and every horse on the track passed her."

For a moment there was silence. Then without a word Al Coons handed Johnny the box of cigars. The meeting broke up soon afterward, and Johnny left first. We could hear him singing as he walked away in the cold night, lustily singing "Tara-ra-Boom-Tee-Ay."

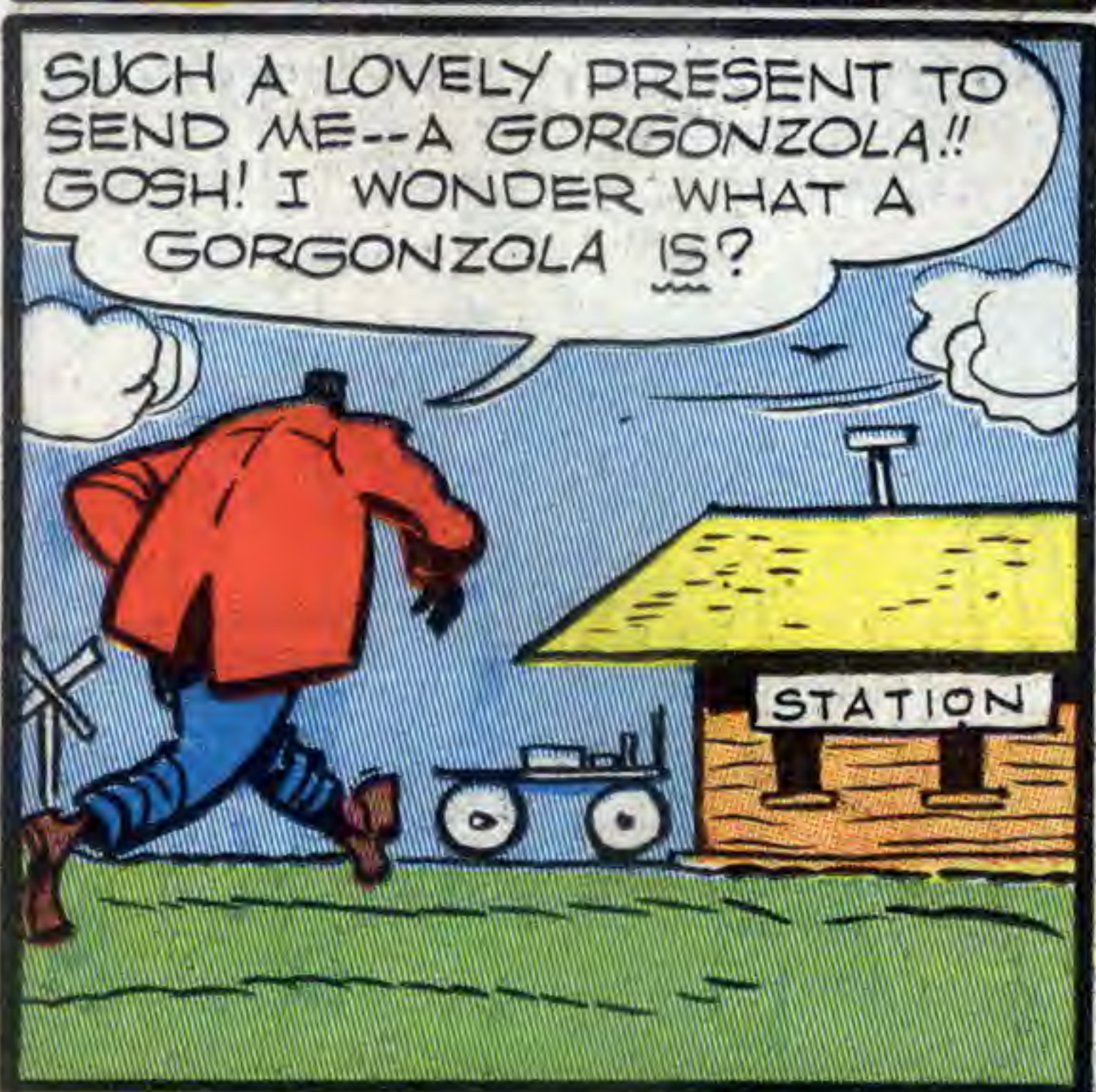
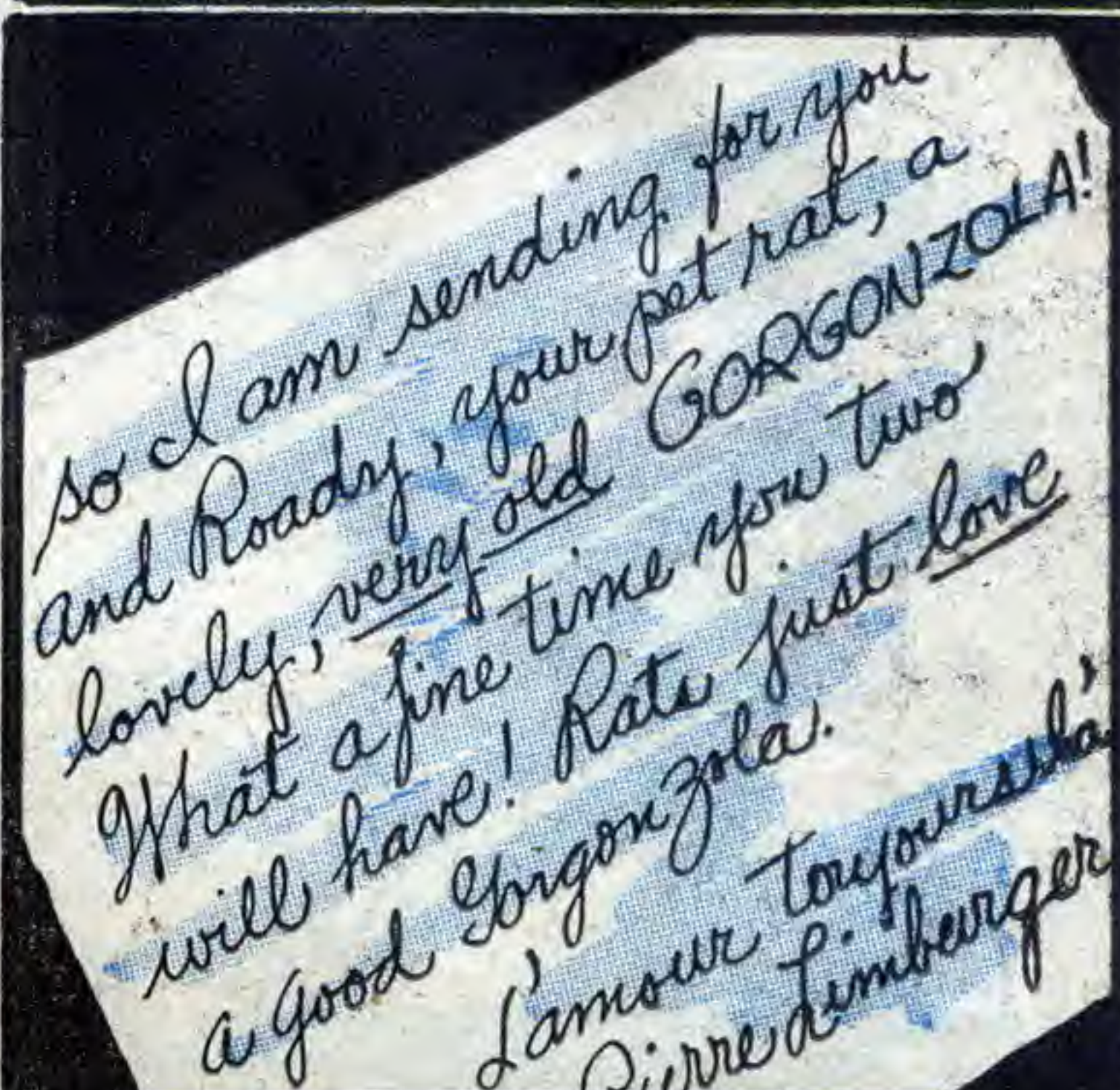
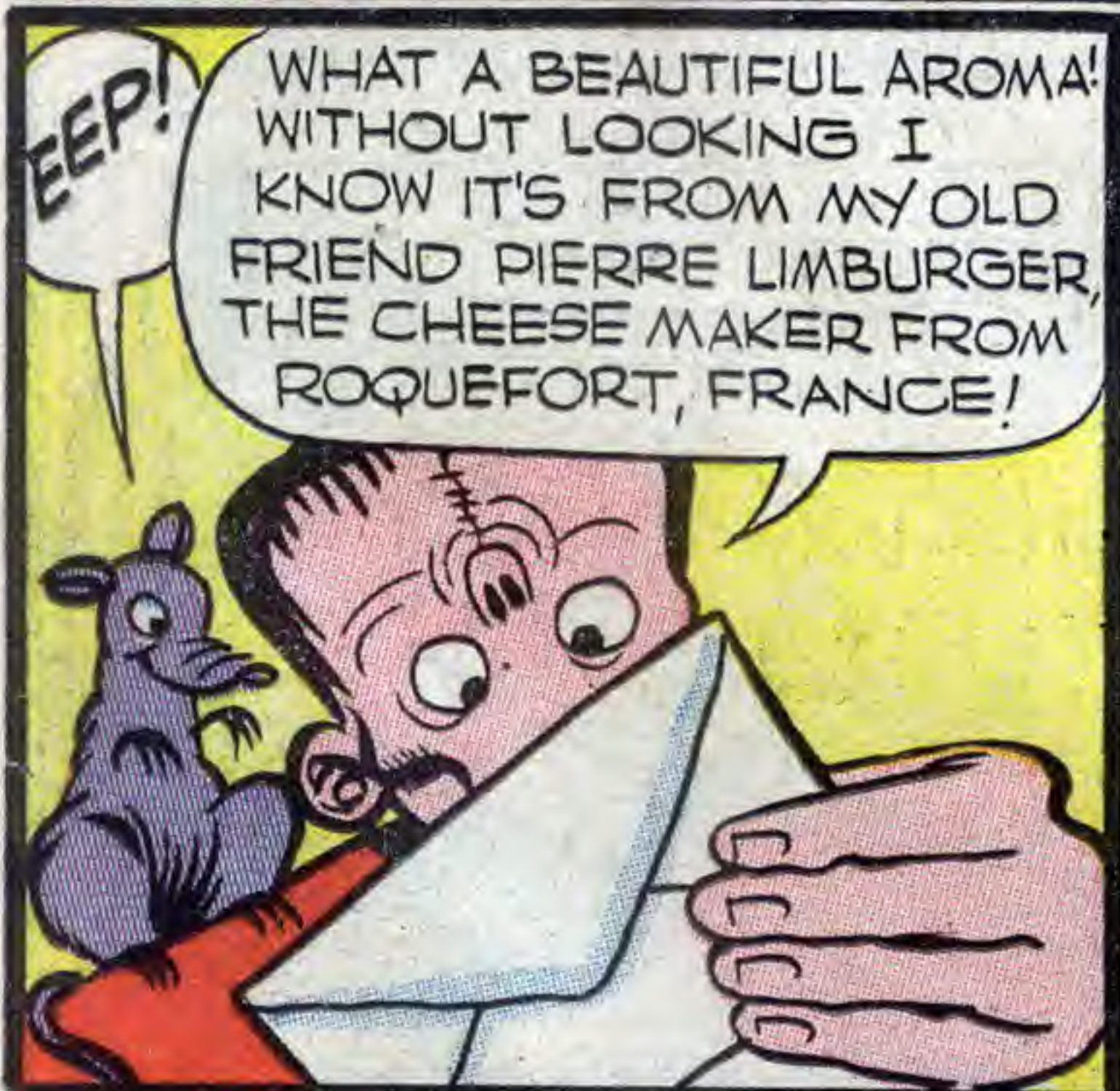
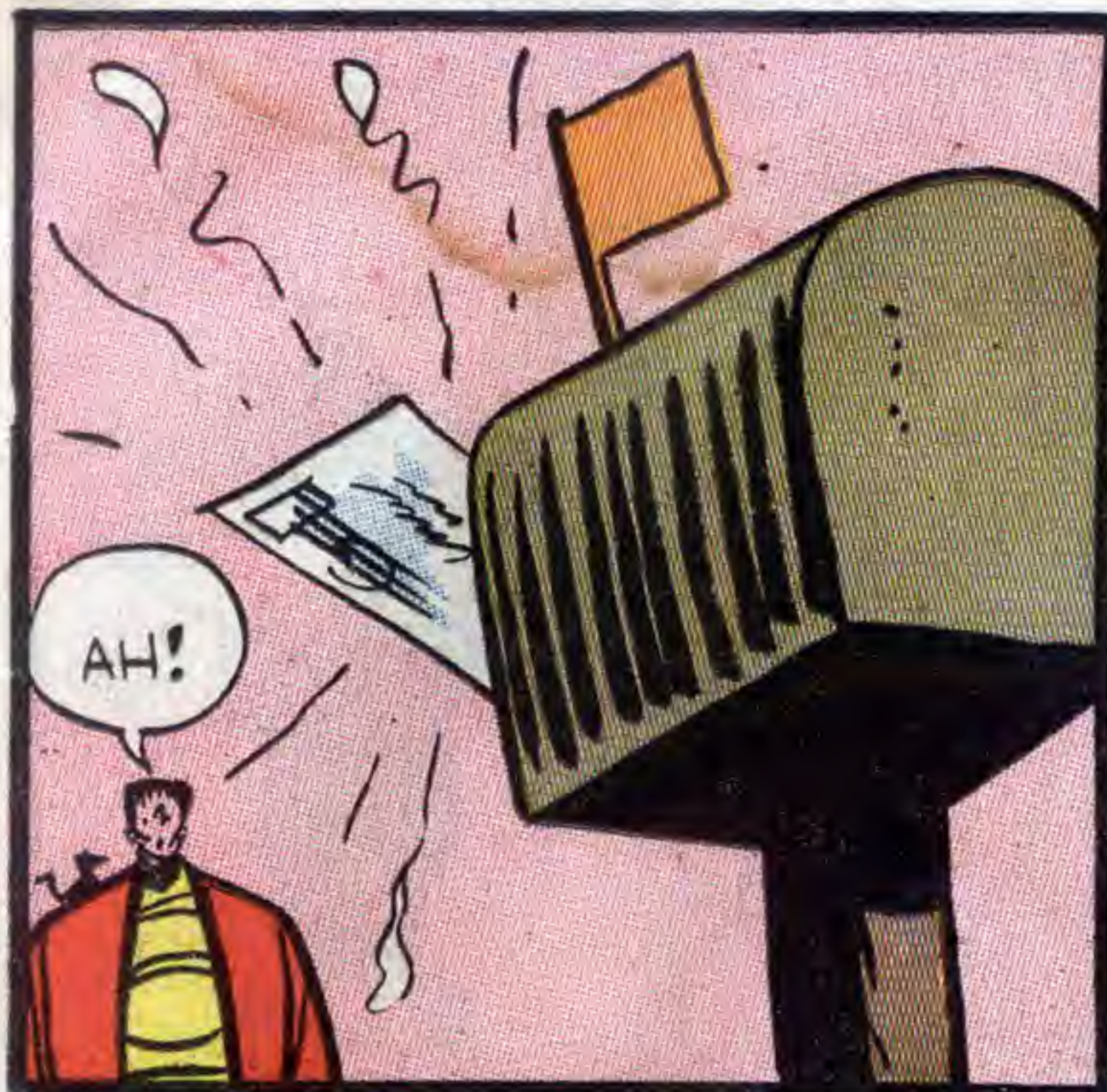
That Johnny Gates . . . you can't beat him for telling a yarn . . . the old liar.

THE PIE-EYED PIPER



AH, ROADY, YOU REALLY LIKE
MY PLAYING, DON'T YOU?
COME..WE'LL SEE
IF THERE'S ANY
MAIL TO-DAY.







UGG! PYEW!! FIRST THE RATS..
NOW THIS NOISE--AND THAT
SMELL! OH, THE SMELL!! WHY
DO WE OF HAMLINE
DESERVE .THIS??



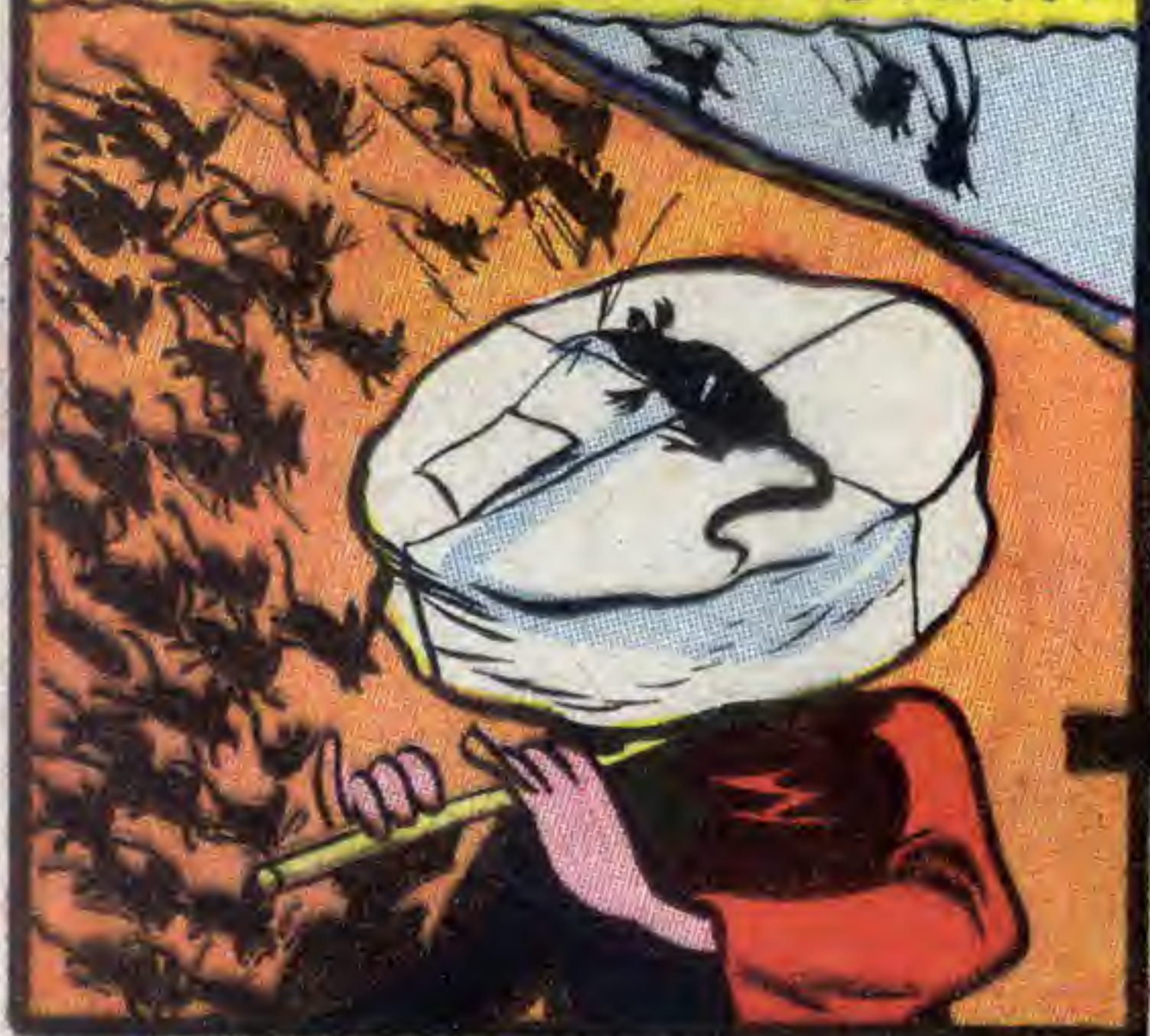
ALL OVER TOWN, THE BUSY
RATS SUDDENLY SIT UP...

SNIFF

SNIFF



...AND FOLLOW FRANKENSTEIN...



THE RATS ARE GONE!! THAT
MAN WITH THE FUNNY HAT.. HE
IS THE MODERN PIED PIPER!!!
HIS BEAUTIFUL, BEWITCHING,
(UGH) MUSIC HAS CHARMED
THE RATS AWAY!!!



AS MAYOR OF THIS TOWN, I
SUGGEST WE IMMEDIATELY
PRESENT TO THIS GREAT MAN
A WORTHY GIFT TO EXPRESS
OUR GRATITUDE!!

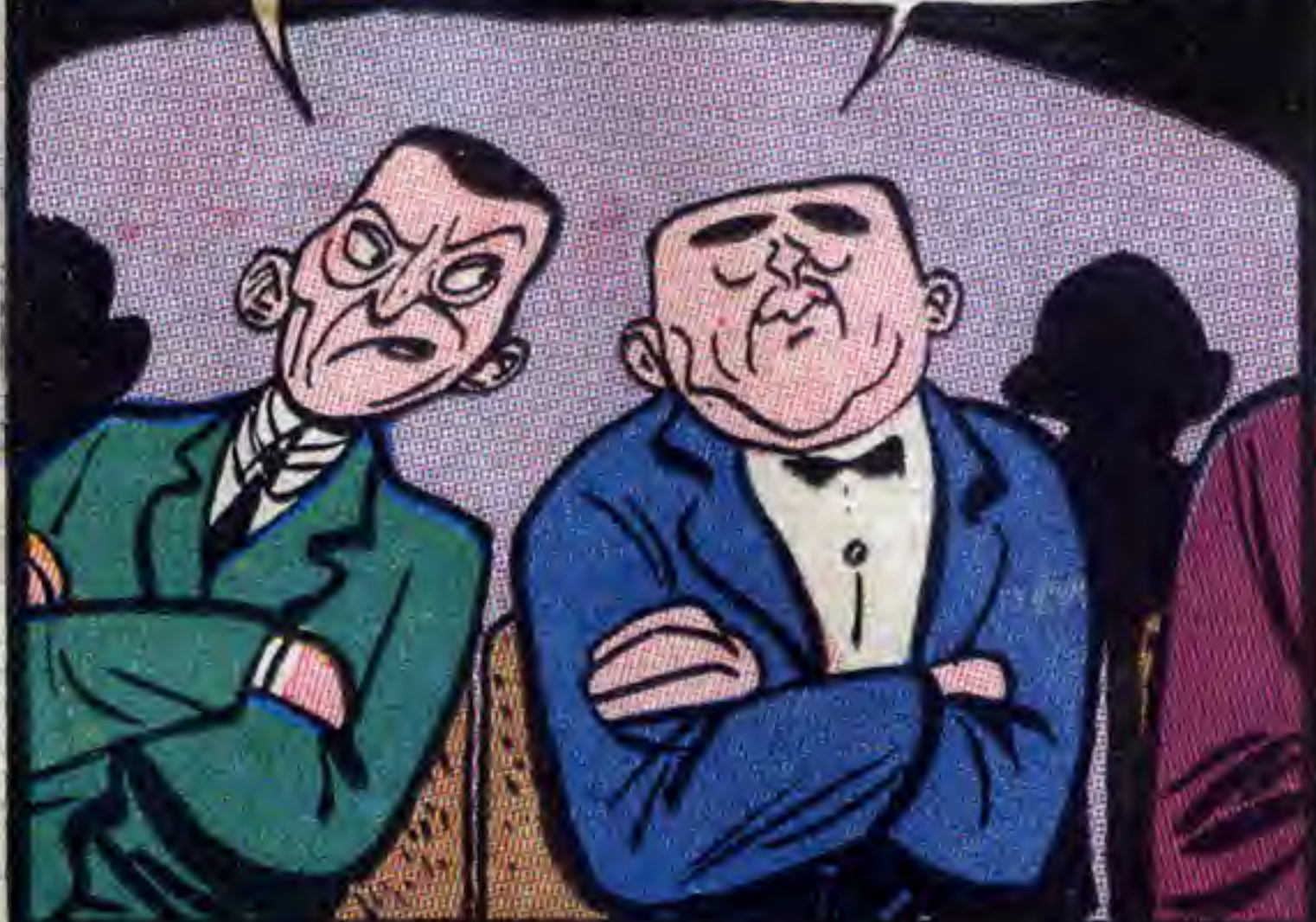


WE WILL GIVE HIM OUR PRICE-
LESS TOCKINETTI CLOCK. IT'S
THE ONLY THING THE RATS
HAVEN'T RUINED. WE WILL
WRAP IT AND TAKE IT
TO HIM RIGHT AWAY.



NOW IS OUR
CHANCE TO
STEAL THE
TOCKINETTI!!

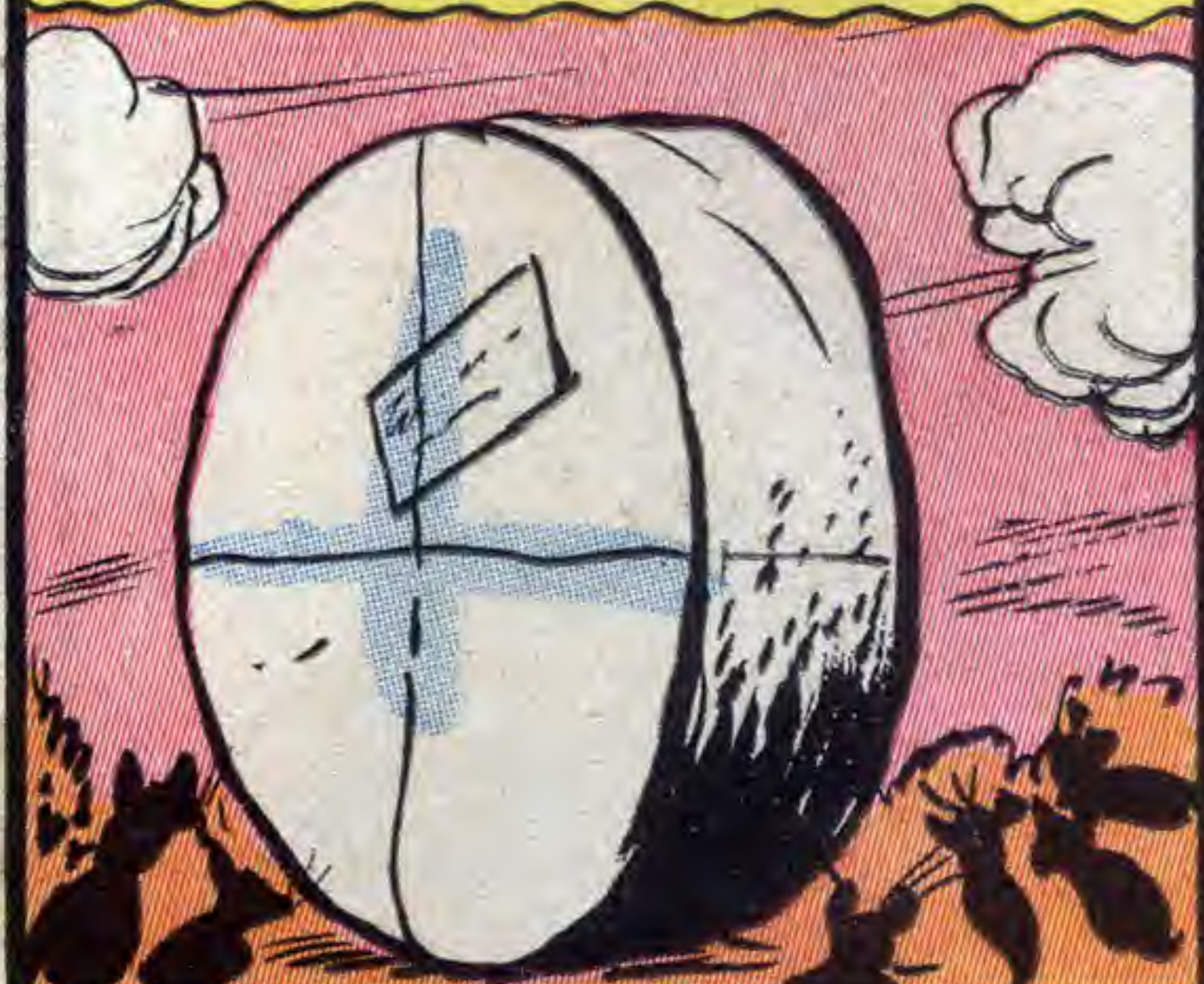
YEAH--WE'LL
SELL IT AND
GET A
FORTUNE!!



ISN'T THAT CUTE? ALL THE RATS
FOLLOWED ME HOME BECAUSE
OF MY PLAYING. I'LL GO IN THE
HOUSE AND LOOK FOR SOME
FOOD FOR THEM.



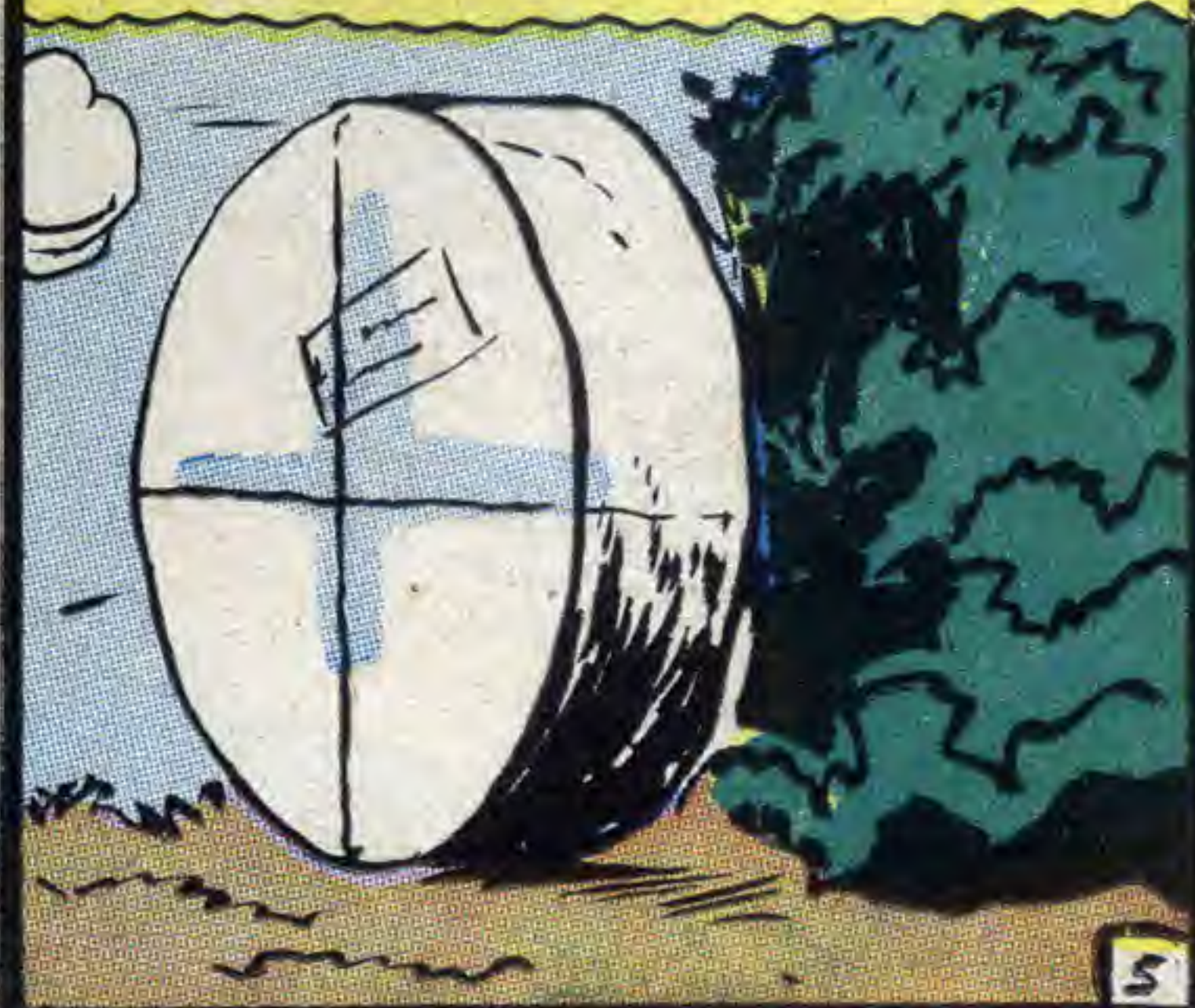
FRANKENSTEIN LEAVES THE
GORGONZOLA OUTSIDE...



HERE IS HIS HOUSE. **PEEUH!!**
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GIVE HIM
THIS CLOCK AND MAKE A
SPEECH, BUT LET'S LEAVE
IT AND GET OUT IN A
HURRY!!!



SO THEY LEAVE THE CLOCK
NEAR A HEDGE...

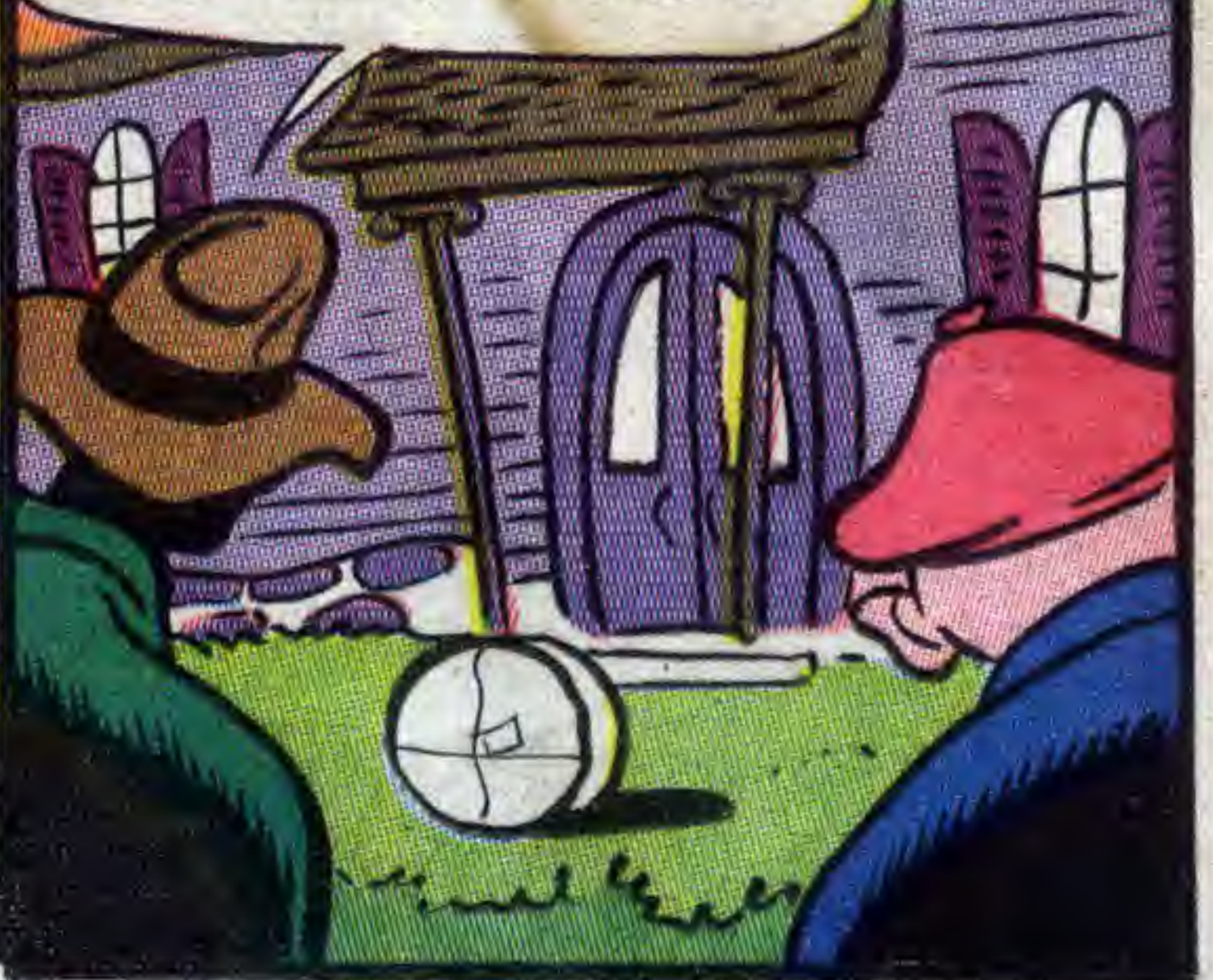


IN THE TOWN OF ROQUEFORT, FRANCE.

AH-I WONDER HOW FRANKENSTEIN
LIKES MY GIFT!! A GORGONZOLA...
HE WAS ALWAYS A GREAT LOVER
OF GORGONZOLA CHEESE..



THERE!! THERE IS THE CLOCK!!
NEAR HIS HOUSE. PEEUUUHH!!!
LET'S GET IT FAST!



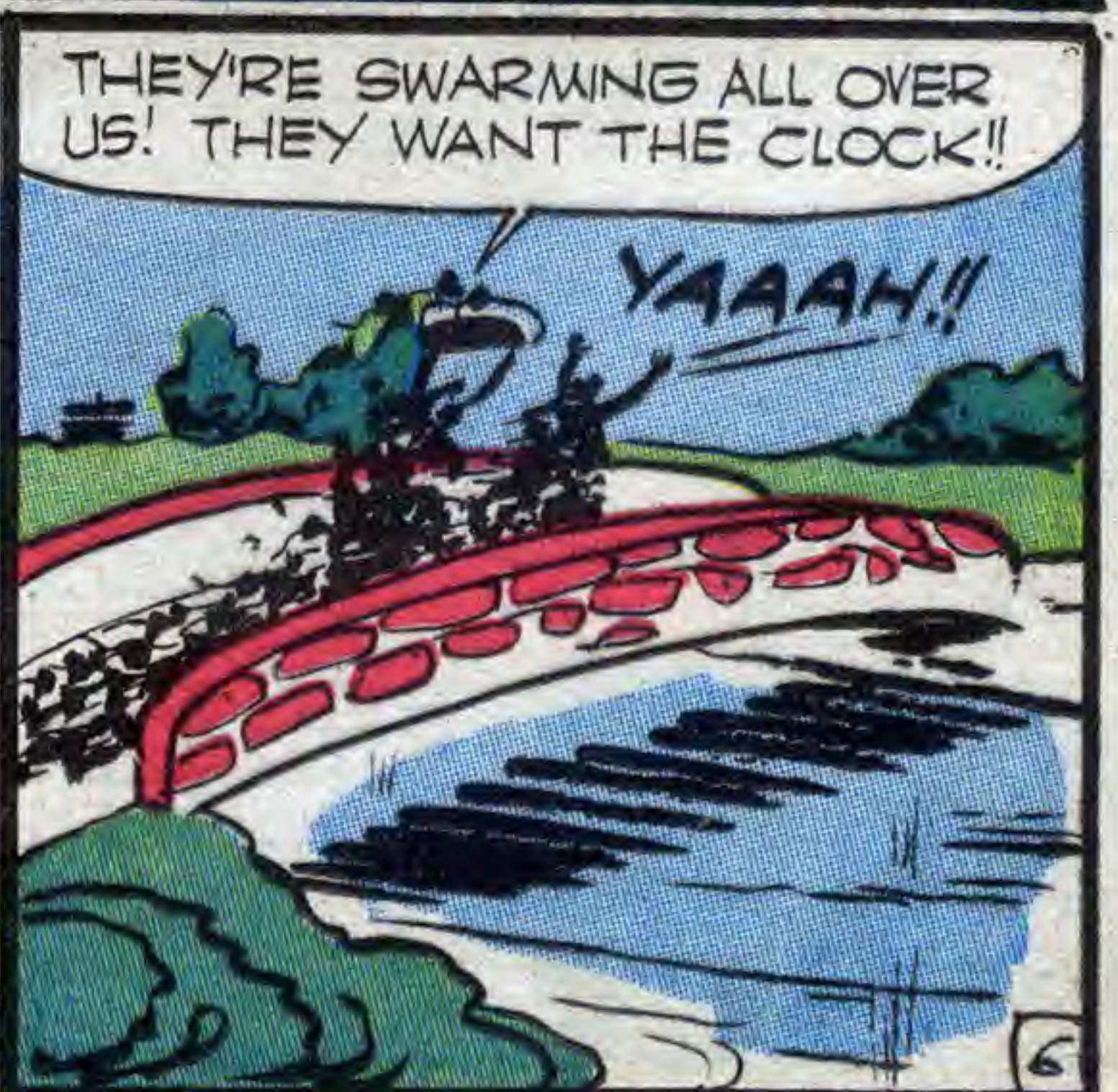
THE RATS! THEY'RE
FOLLOWING US!!!



THEY'RE PULLING AT MY CUFFS..
THEY'RE SINKING THEIR TEETH
INTO MY ANKLES!!



THEY'RE SWARMING ALL OVER
US! THEY WANT THE CLOCK!!

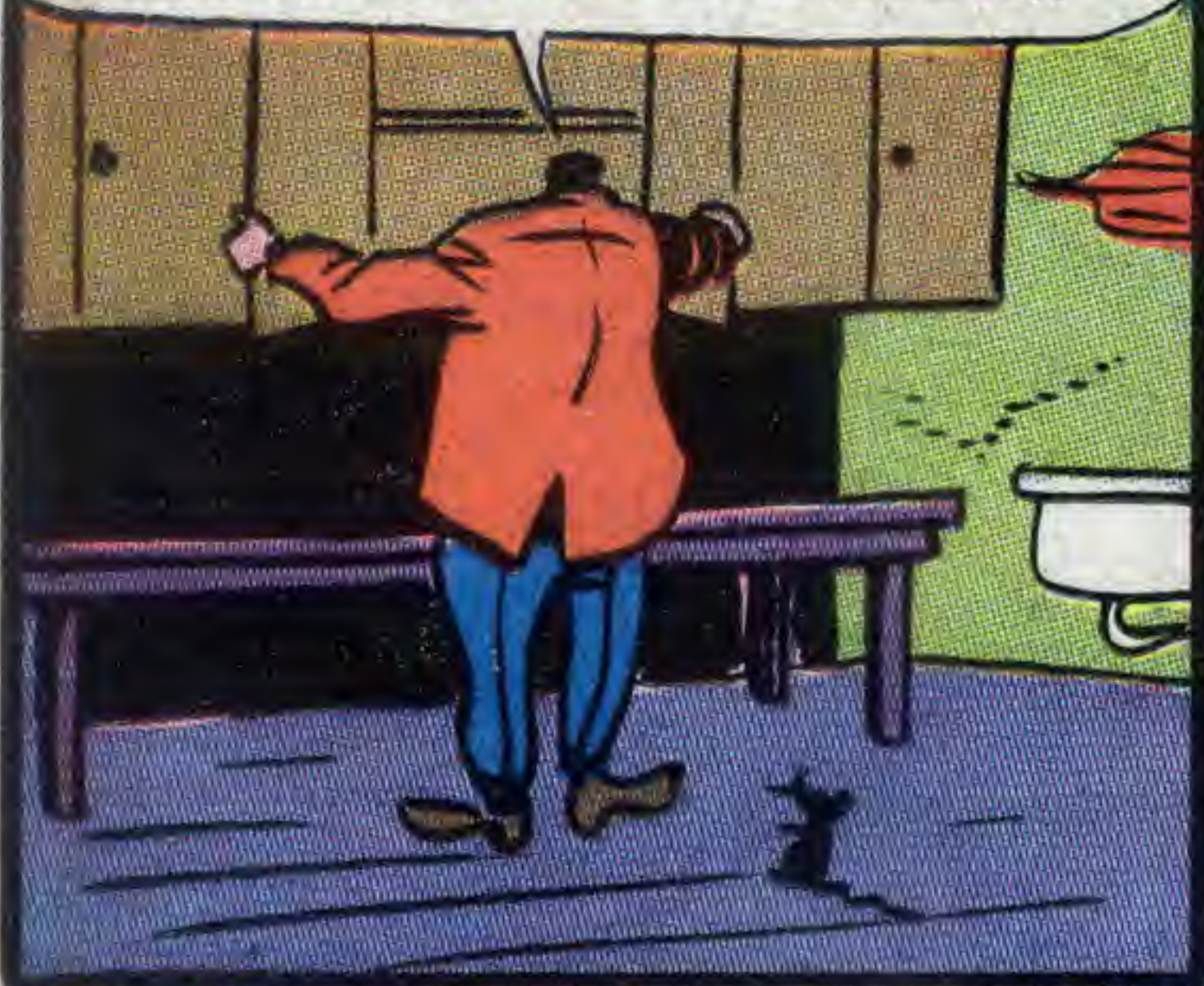




SO IN ONE SWOOP, THREE THINGS BENEFICIAL TO THE TOWN TAKE PLACE: THE RATS ALL DROWN-- INCLUDING THE HUMAN RATS... AND THE VERY SMELLY GORGONZOLA CHEESE, THE GIFT FROM PIERRE, GOES WITH THEM.



NOT A THING IN THE HOUSE FOR THOSE NICE RATS. IF ONLY I HAD A PIECE OF CHEESE....



ALL THE RATS.. THEY'RE GONE!! AND PIERRE'S GIFT.. OH NO... THERE IT IS.. MUST HAVE ROLLED TO THAT HEDGE...



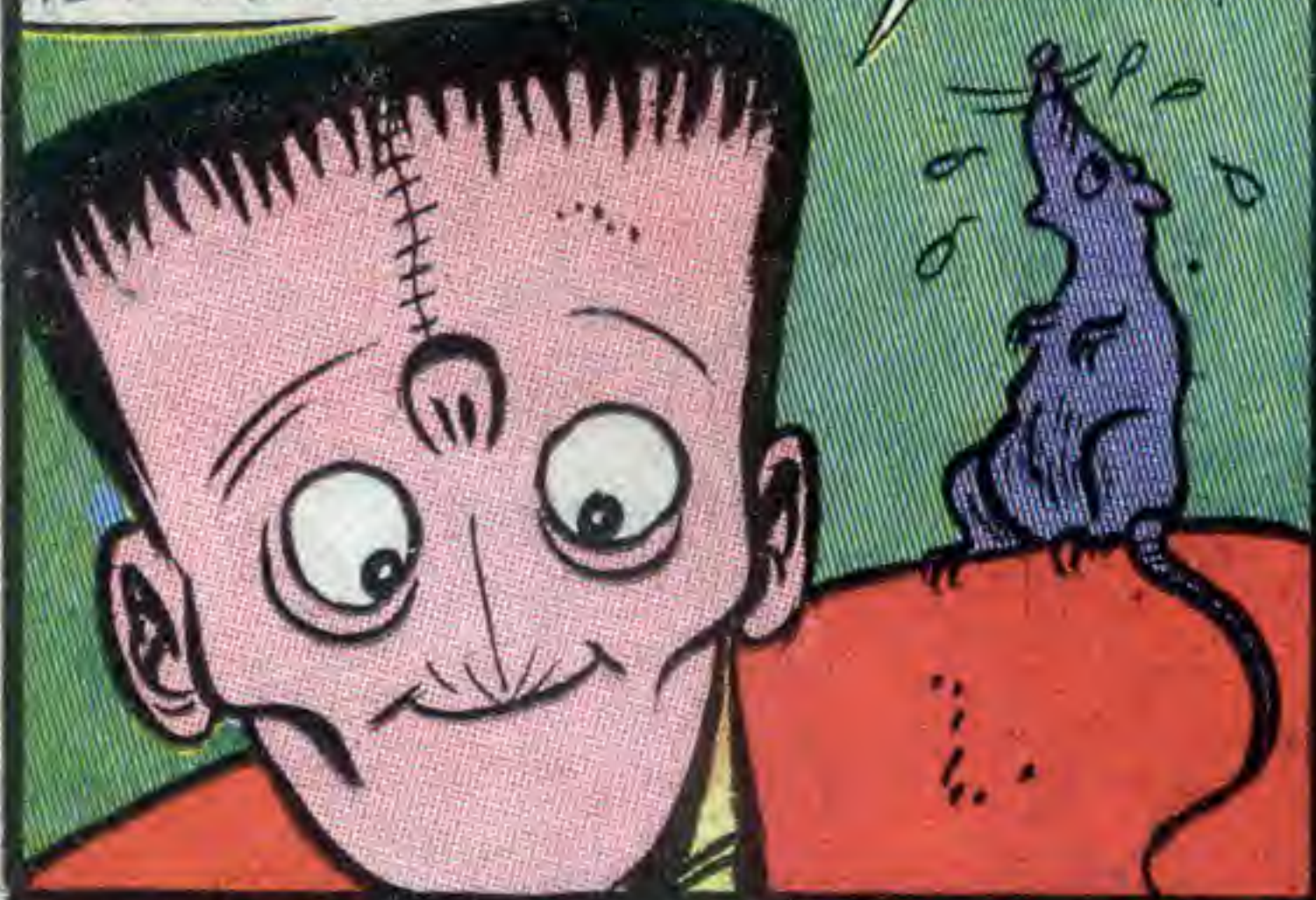
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT IS A GORGONZOLA...



A CLOCK!!! A WONDERFUL CLOCK!! OF COURSE! THAT'S WHAT A GORGONZOLA IS!! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!



AND PIERRE WROTE THAT MY PET RAT WOULD LOVE IT. OF COURSE... "THE MOUSE RAN UP UP THE CLOCK"... ONLY ROADY IS A RAT..



PIERRE, YOU LOOK SAD. THAT LETTER, IS IT BAD NEWS?

BON DIEU! C'EST TERRIBLE!! IT IS FROM FRANKENSTEIN!!



I SEND HIM A FINE GORGONZOLA CHEESE, AND WHAT DOES HE DO WITH IT?? I ASK YOU.. WHAT DOES HE DO WITH IT??

WHAT DOES HE WITH IT DO?

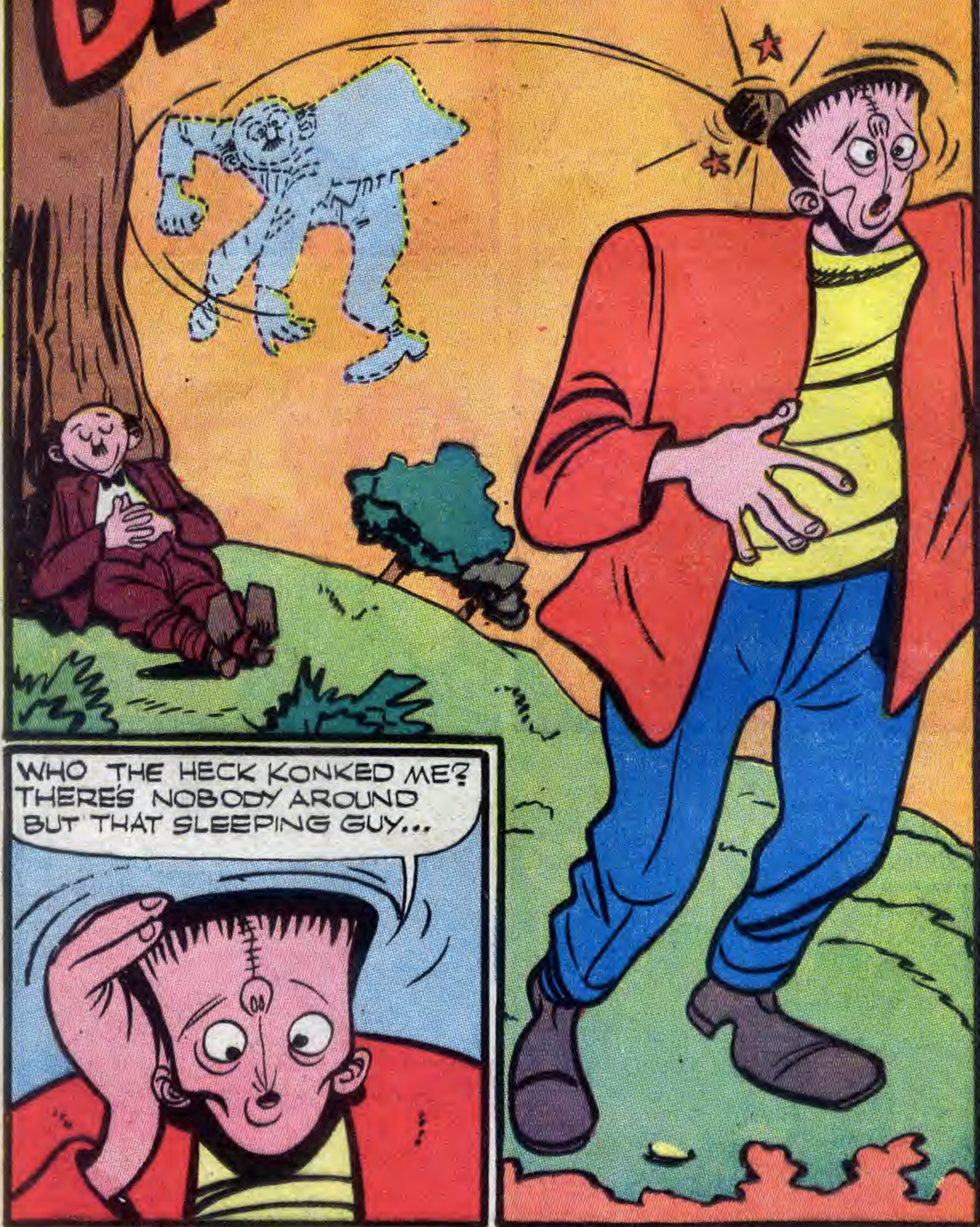


HE HANGS IT ON THE WALL AND SHINES IT EVERY DAY WITH THE BEST FURNITURE POLISH!!!! BON DIEU!!

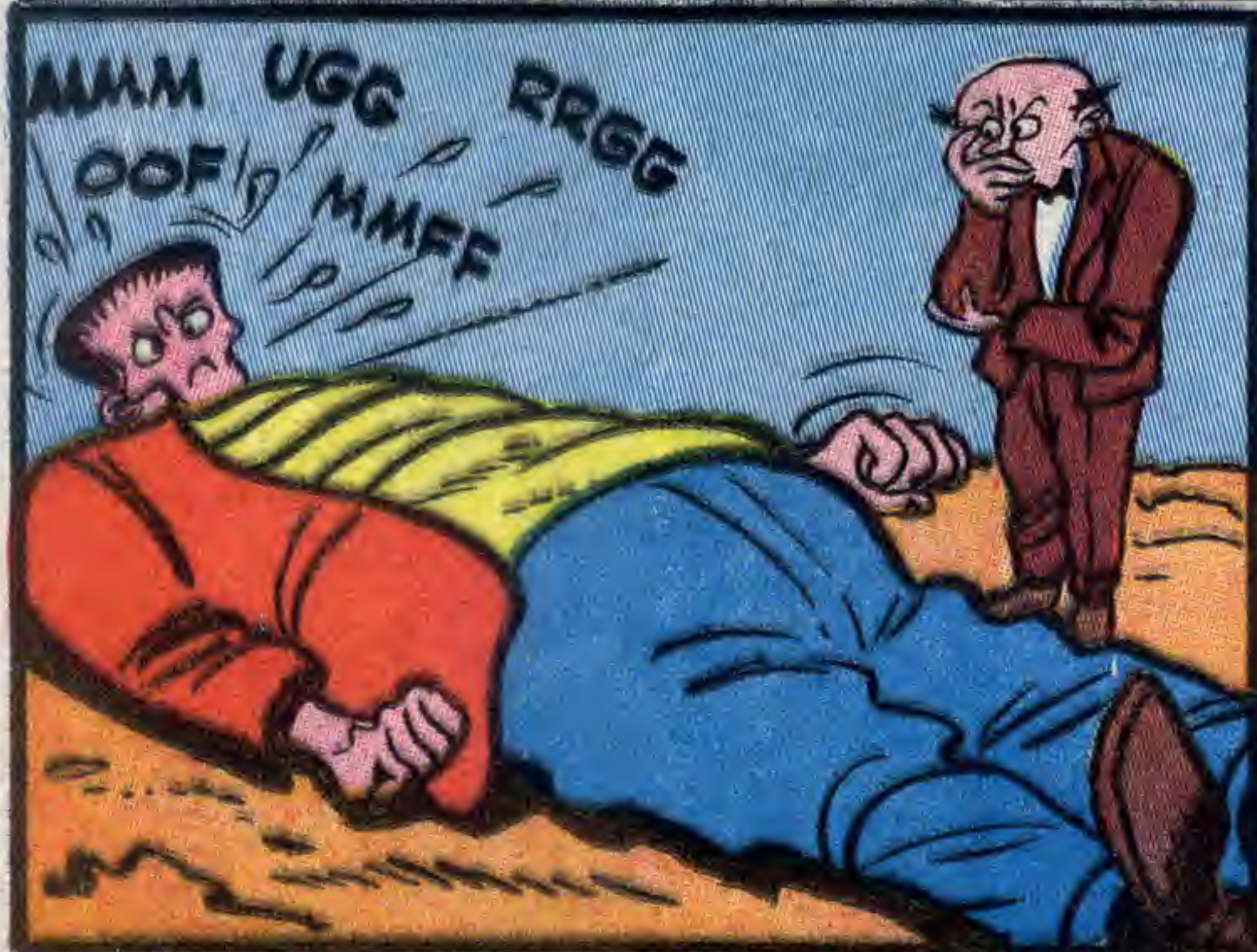
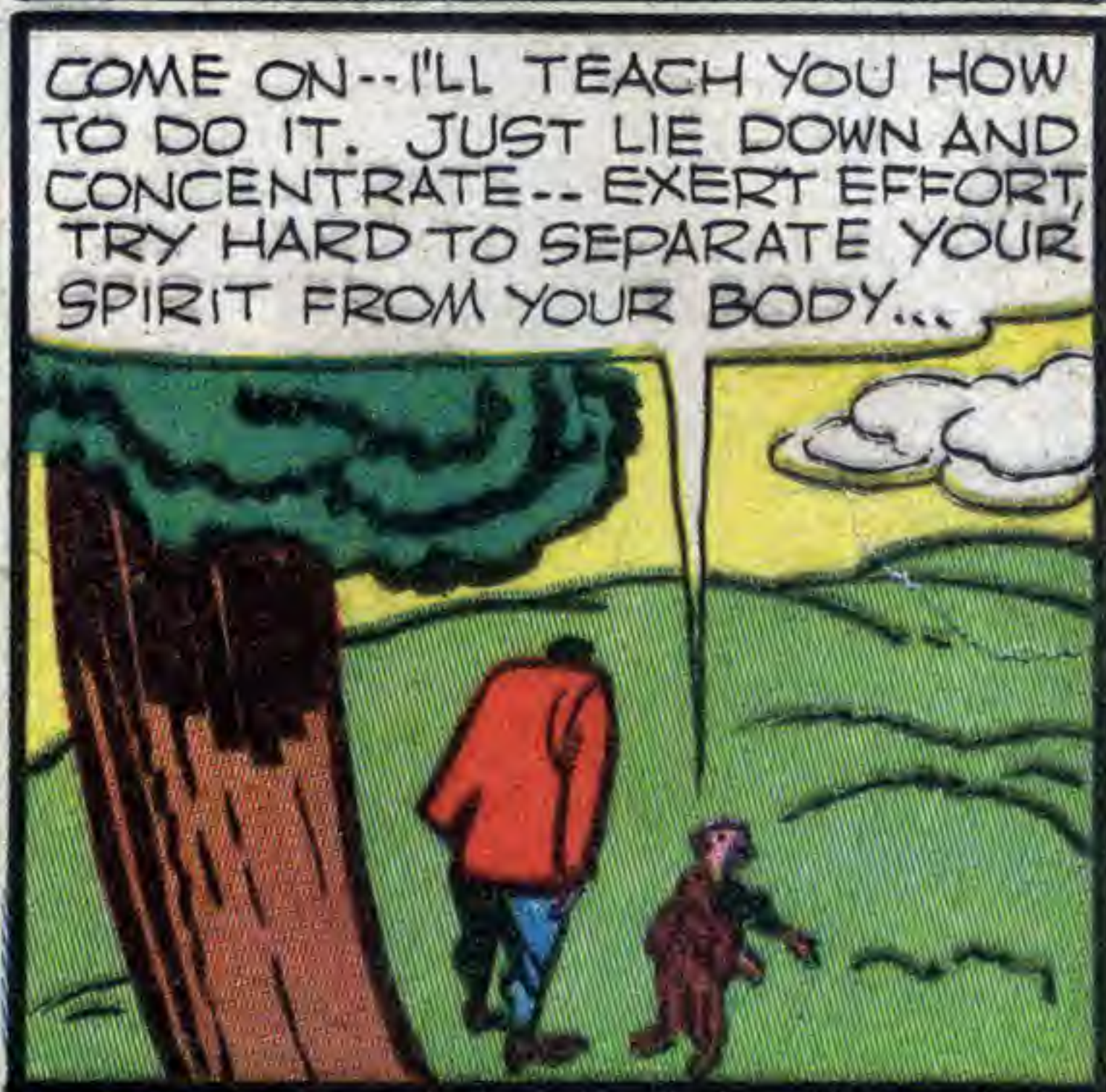
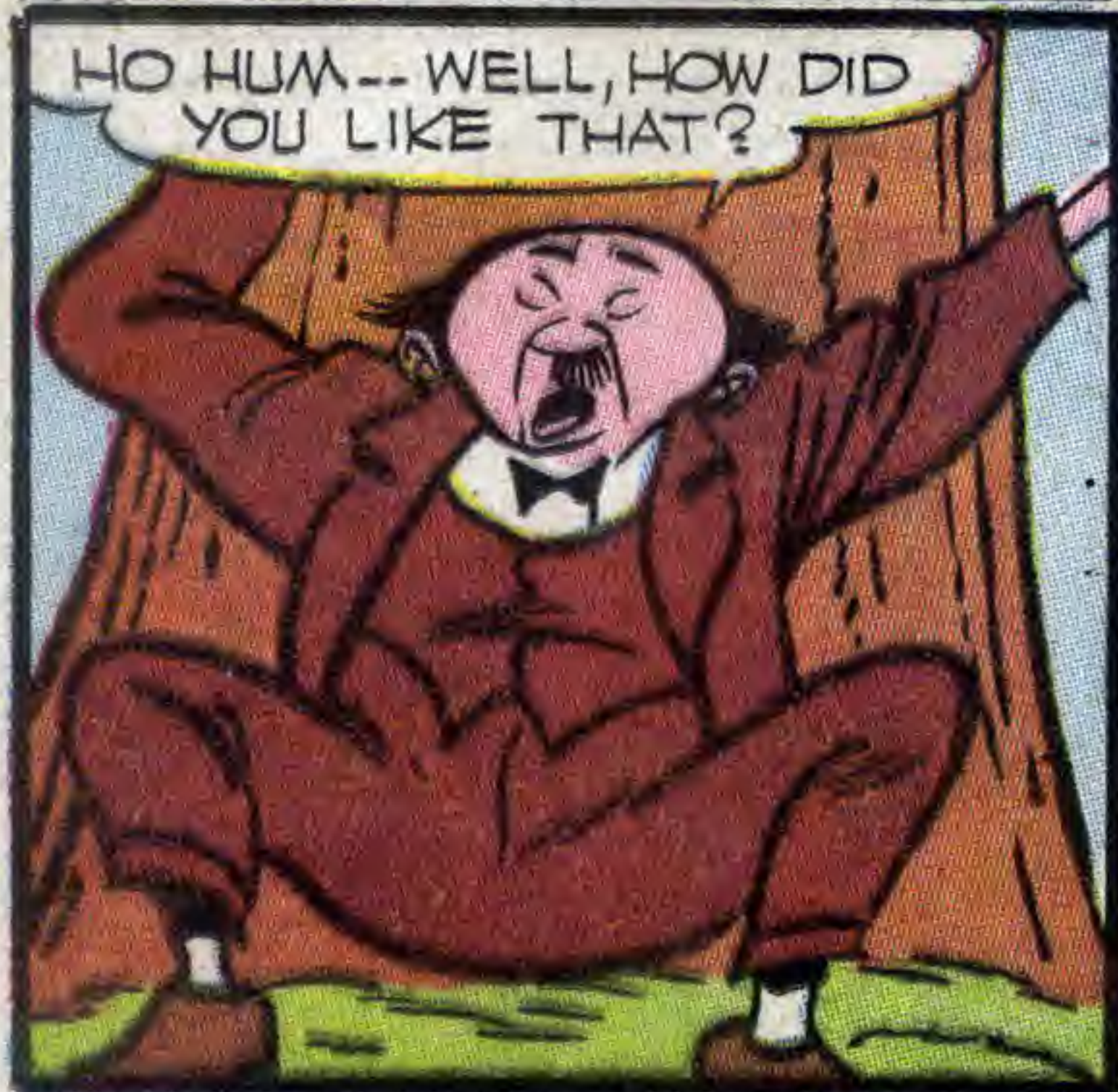


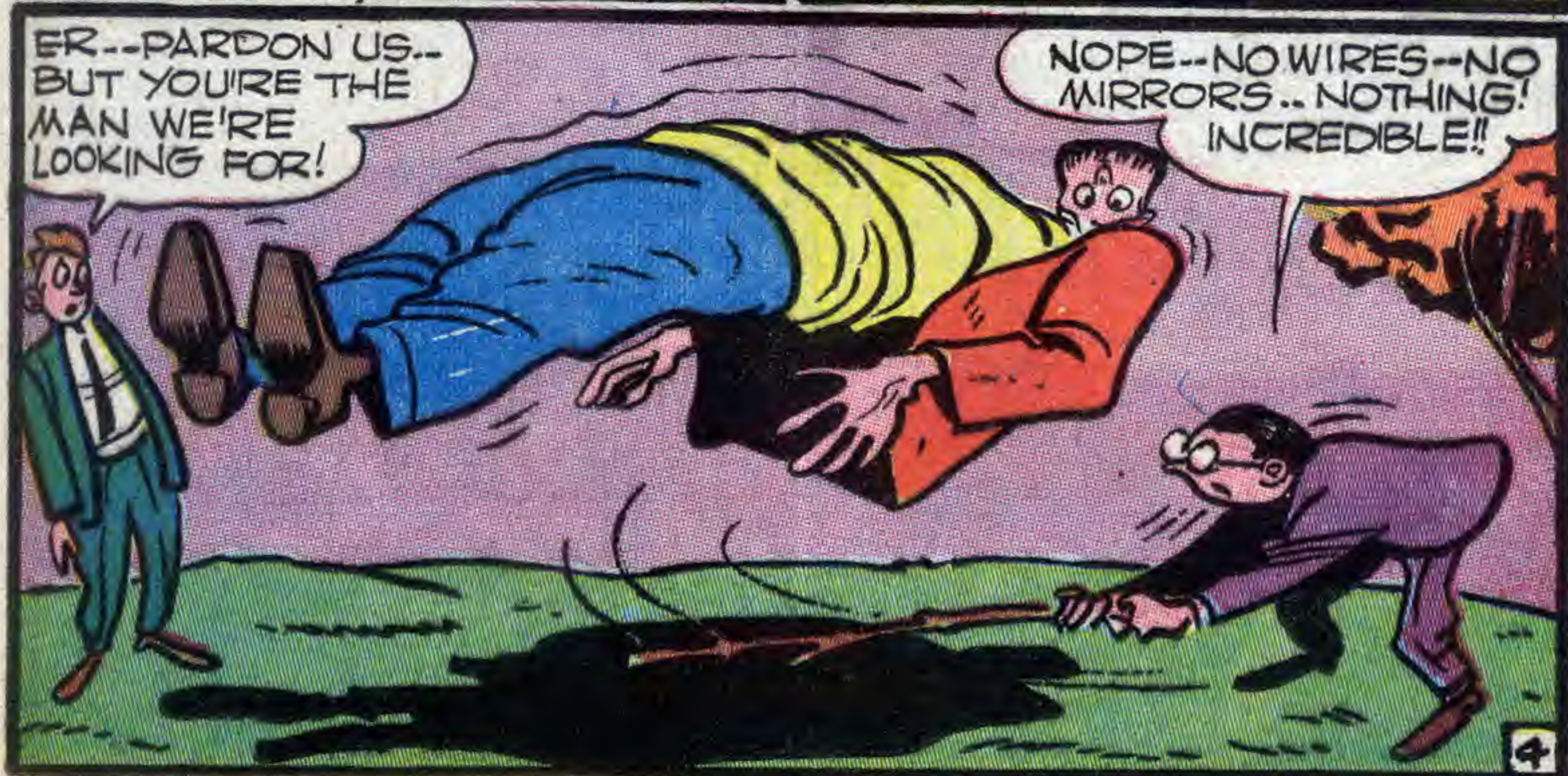
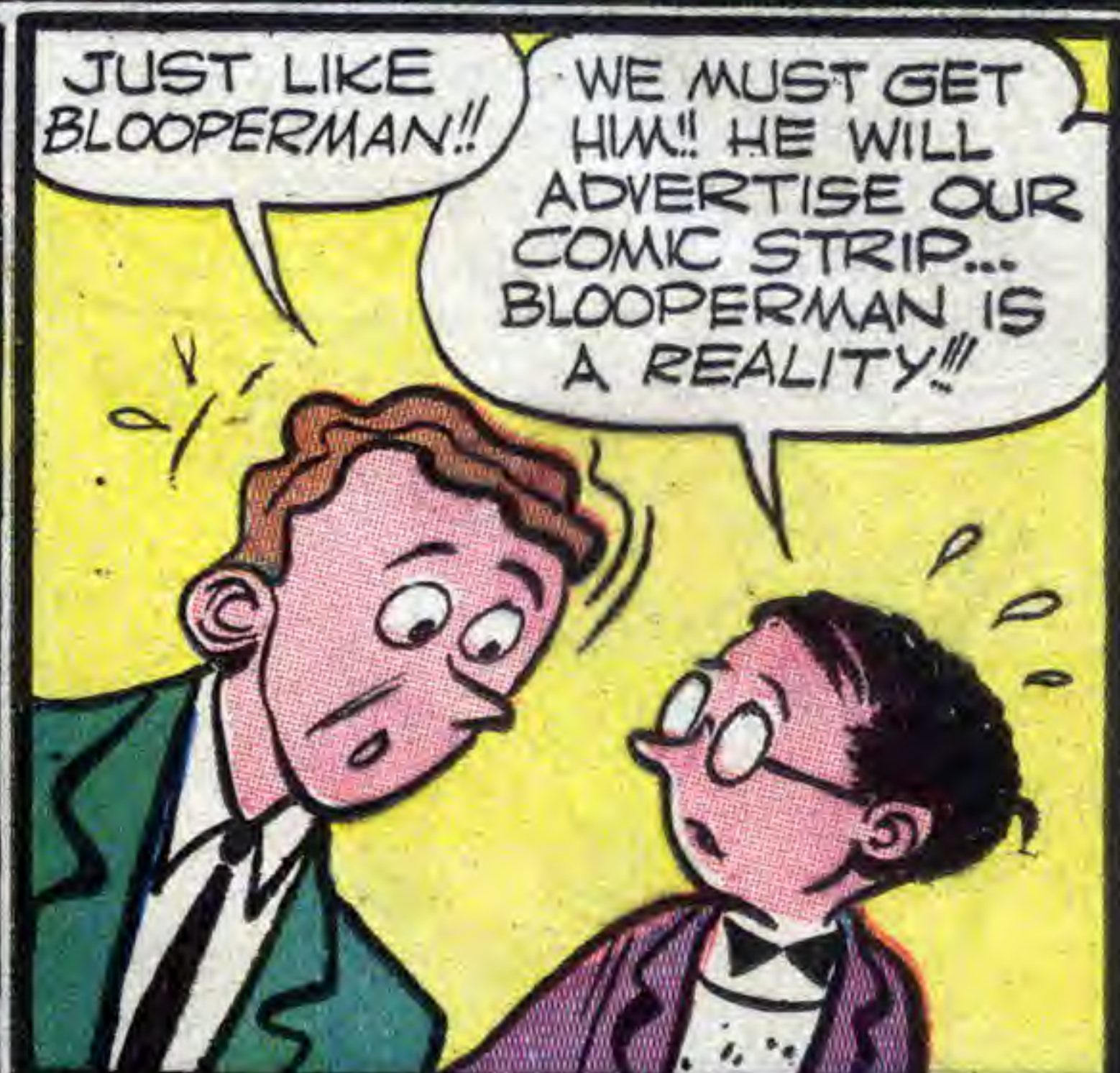
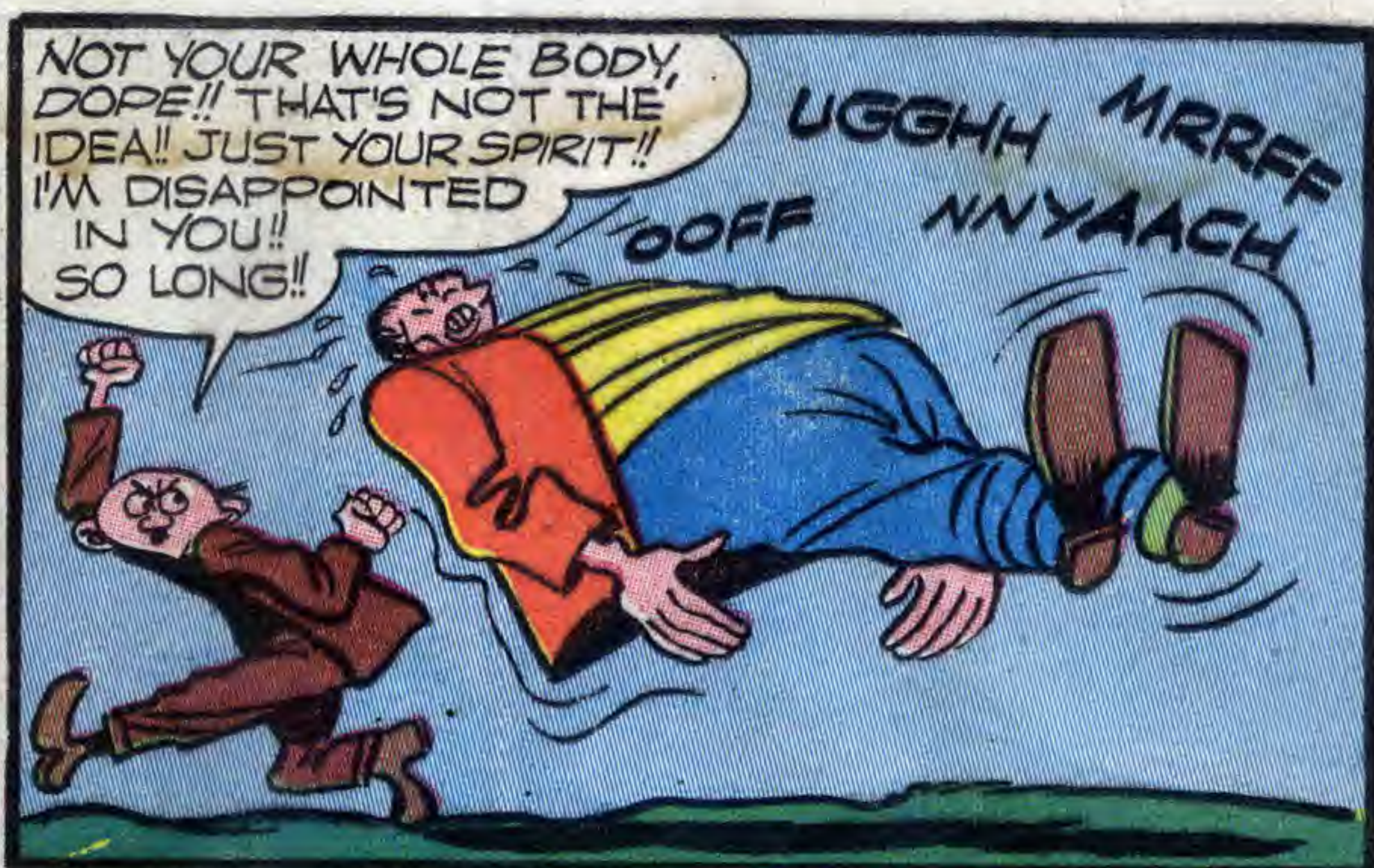
BLOOPERMAN

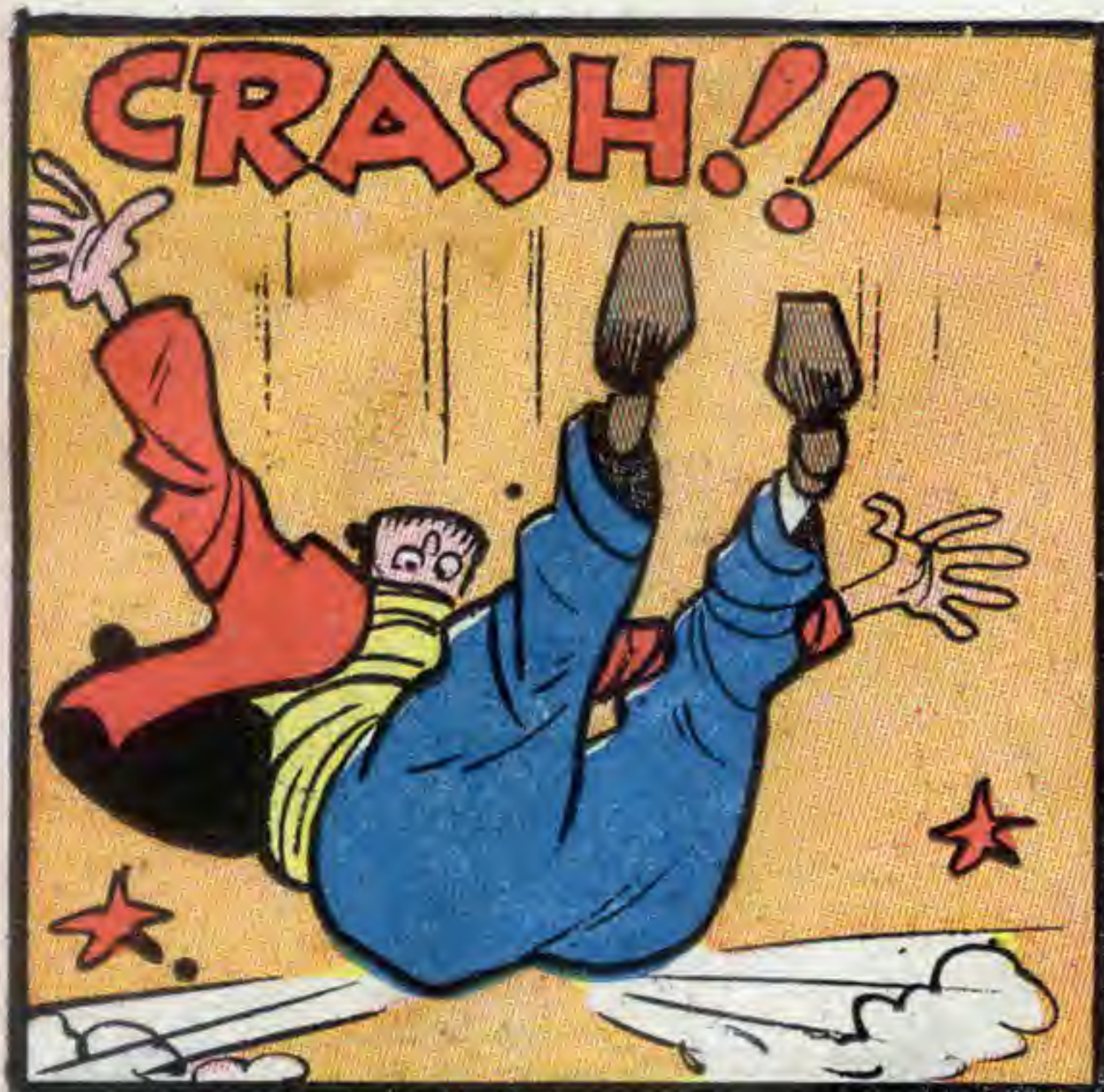
BY SEAGULL & SHOESTRING





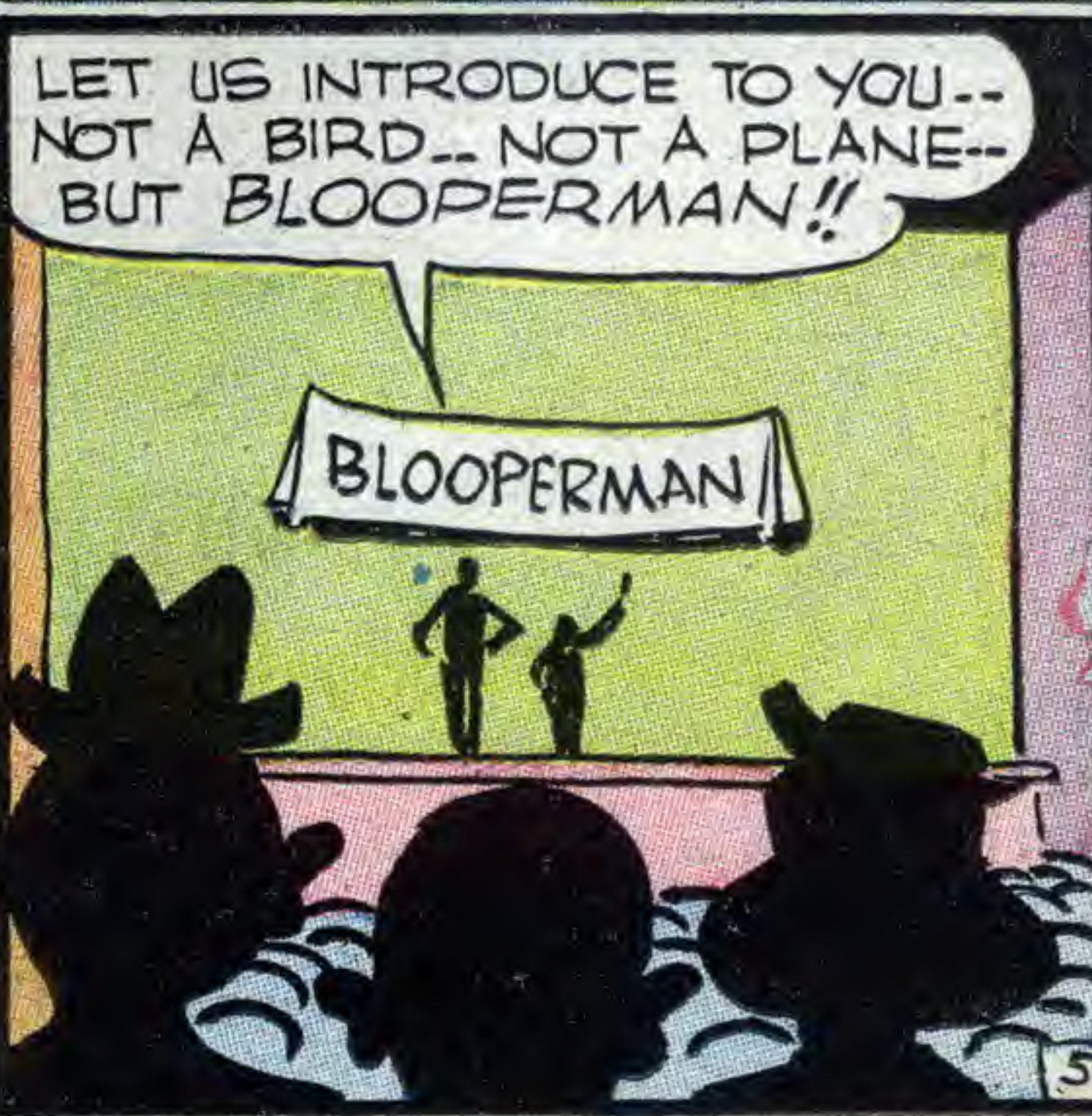
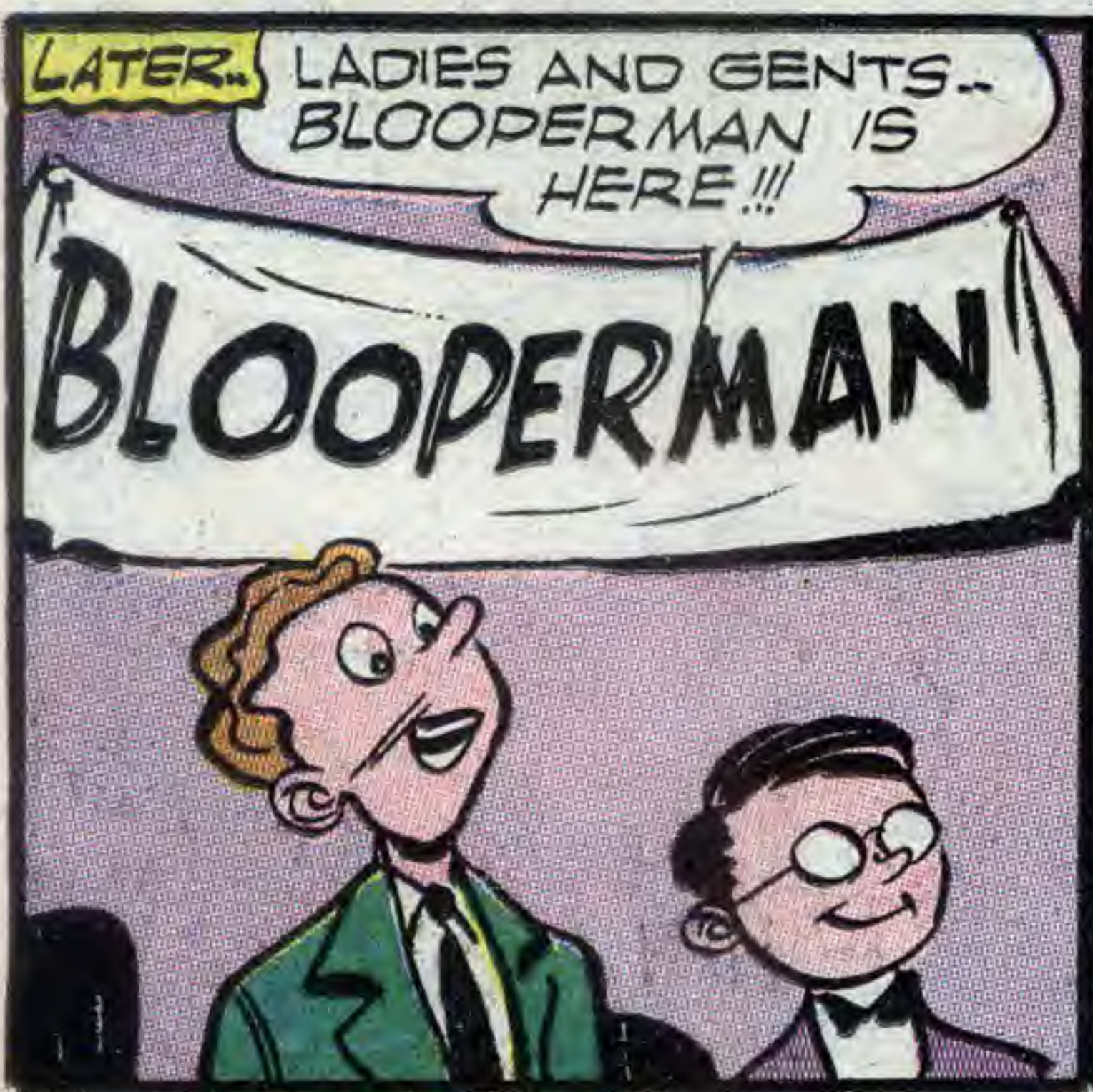


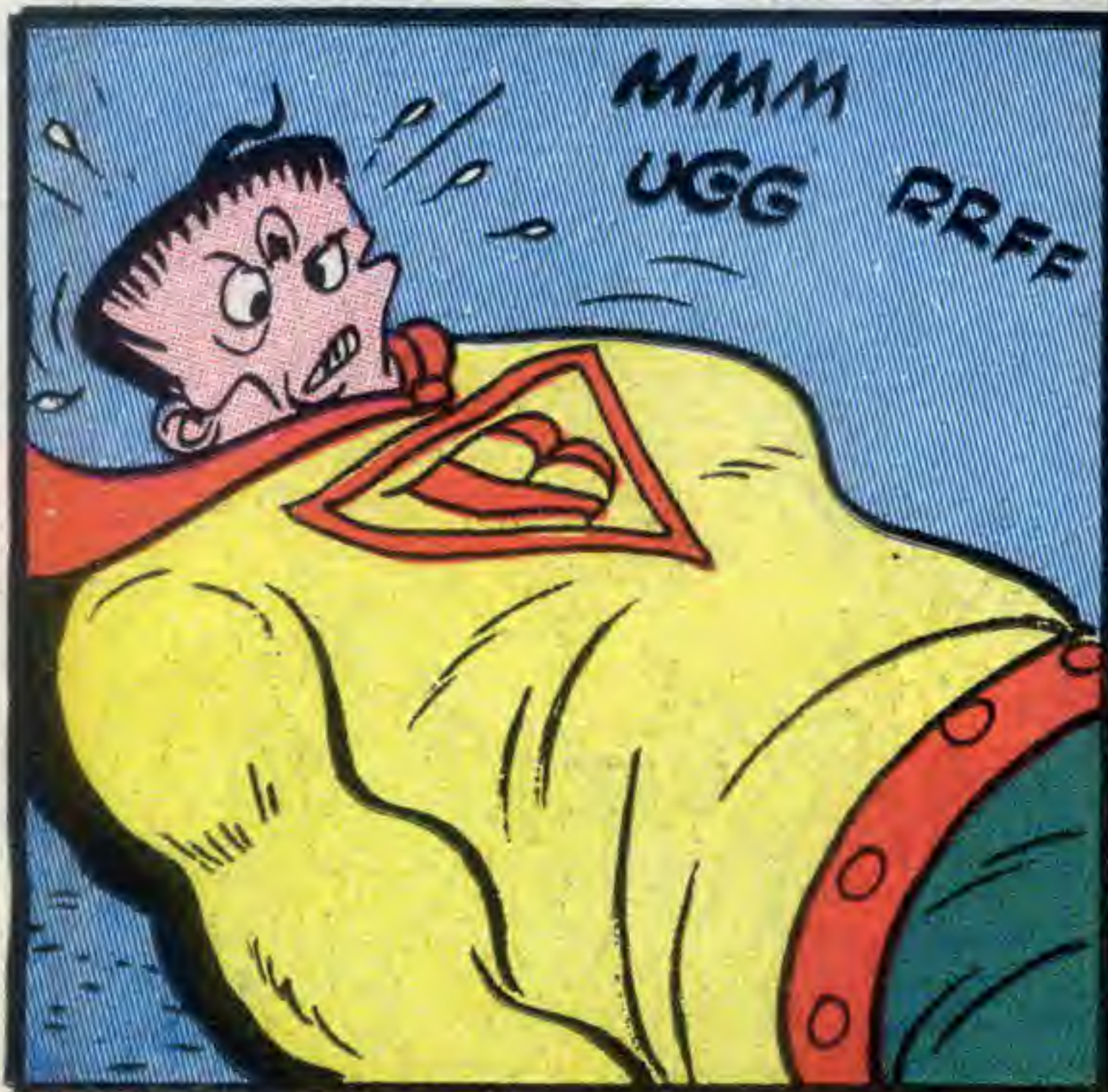


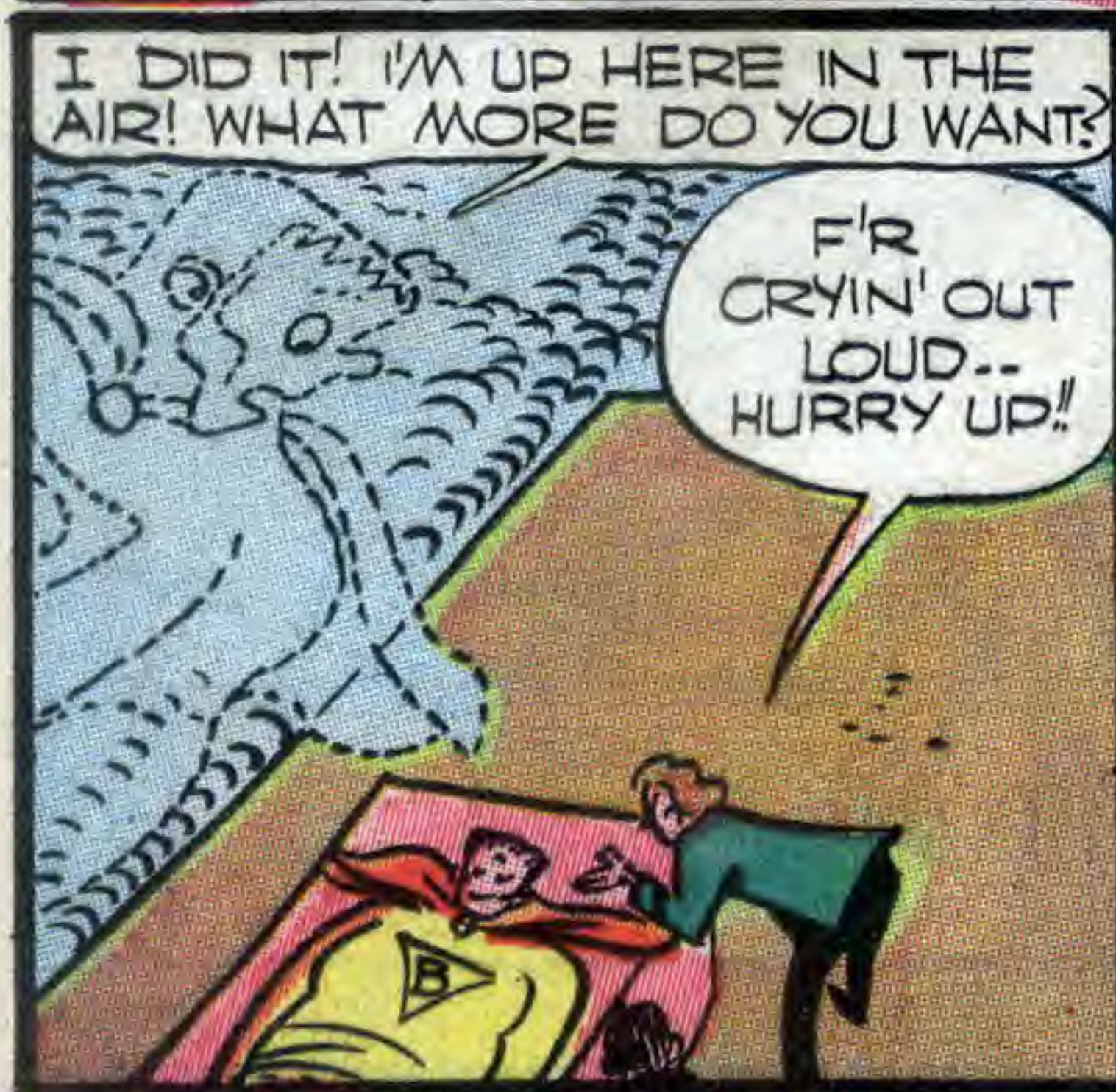
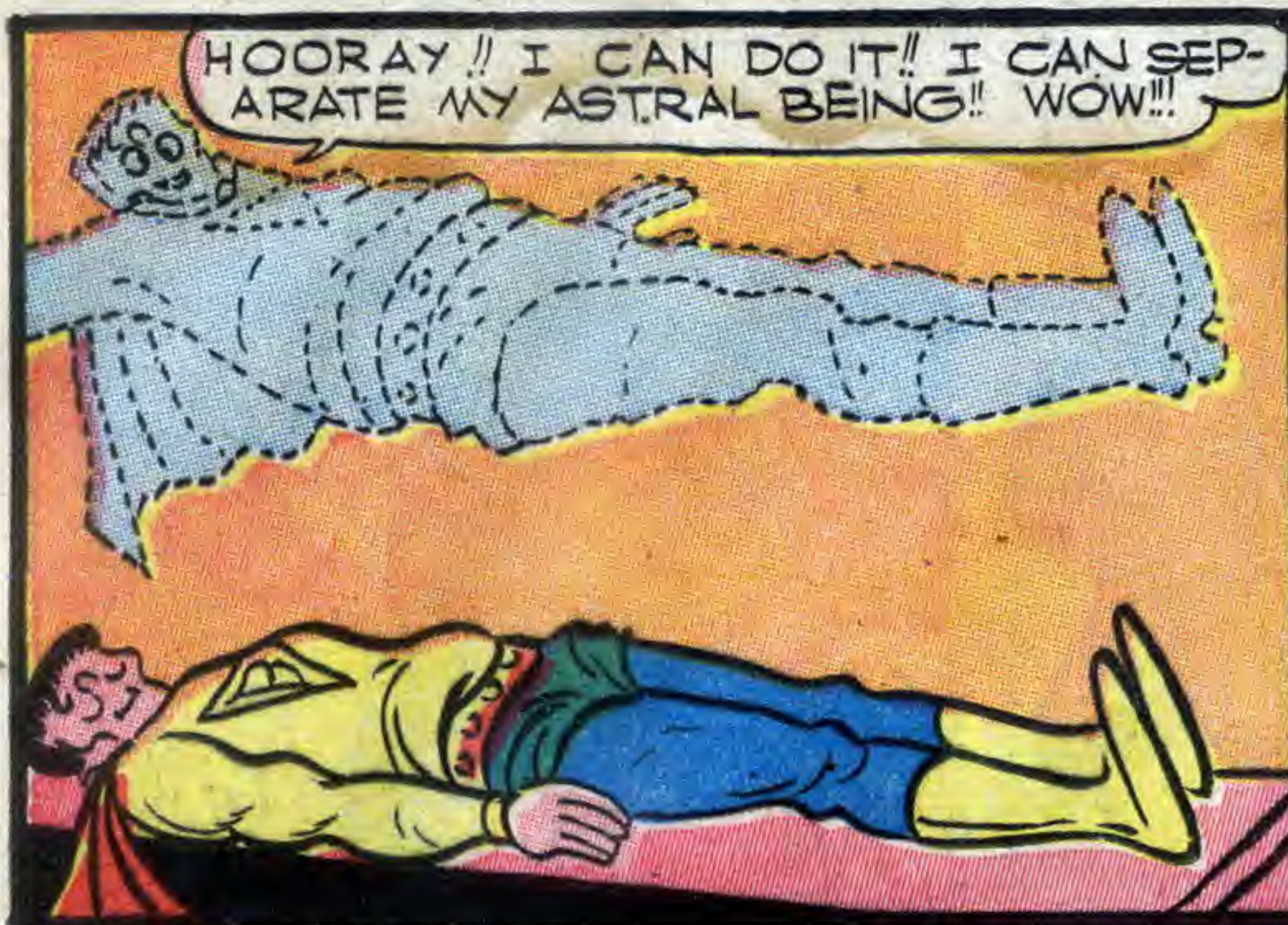


DON'T WASTE WORDS..CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH. YOU'RE GOING TO WORK FOR US. I'M JERRY SHOESTRING, AND THAT'S JOE SEAGULL. WE WRITE AND DRAW 'BLOOPERMAN'.

WE'LL DRESS YOU UP--GIVE YOU LOTS OF PUBLICITY--THEN WE'LL STAGE AN EXHIBITION BEFORE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE, AND YOU GO FLOATING OFF IN SPACE LIKE YOU JUST DID!!









**THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND
EVER PUBLISHED!**

IT'S HERE AT LAST!!

THE **NEW**, MORE **ADULT** COMIC
MAGAZINE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!



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OF **ROMANTIC**
TRUE
LOVE

STORIES THAT
WILL MAKE YOUR
BLOOD TINGLE..
... AND YOUR
HEART BEAT
FASTER!!!
PICTURED IN
VIVID, MOVING
DRAWINGS THAT
WILL COME TO
LIFE BEFORE
YOUR EYES!!

**ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO
RESERVE YOUR COPY OF
YOUNG ROMANCE COMICS!**

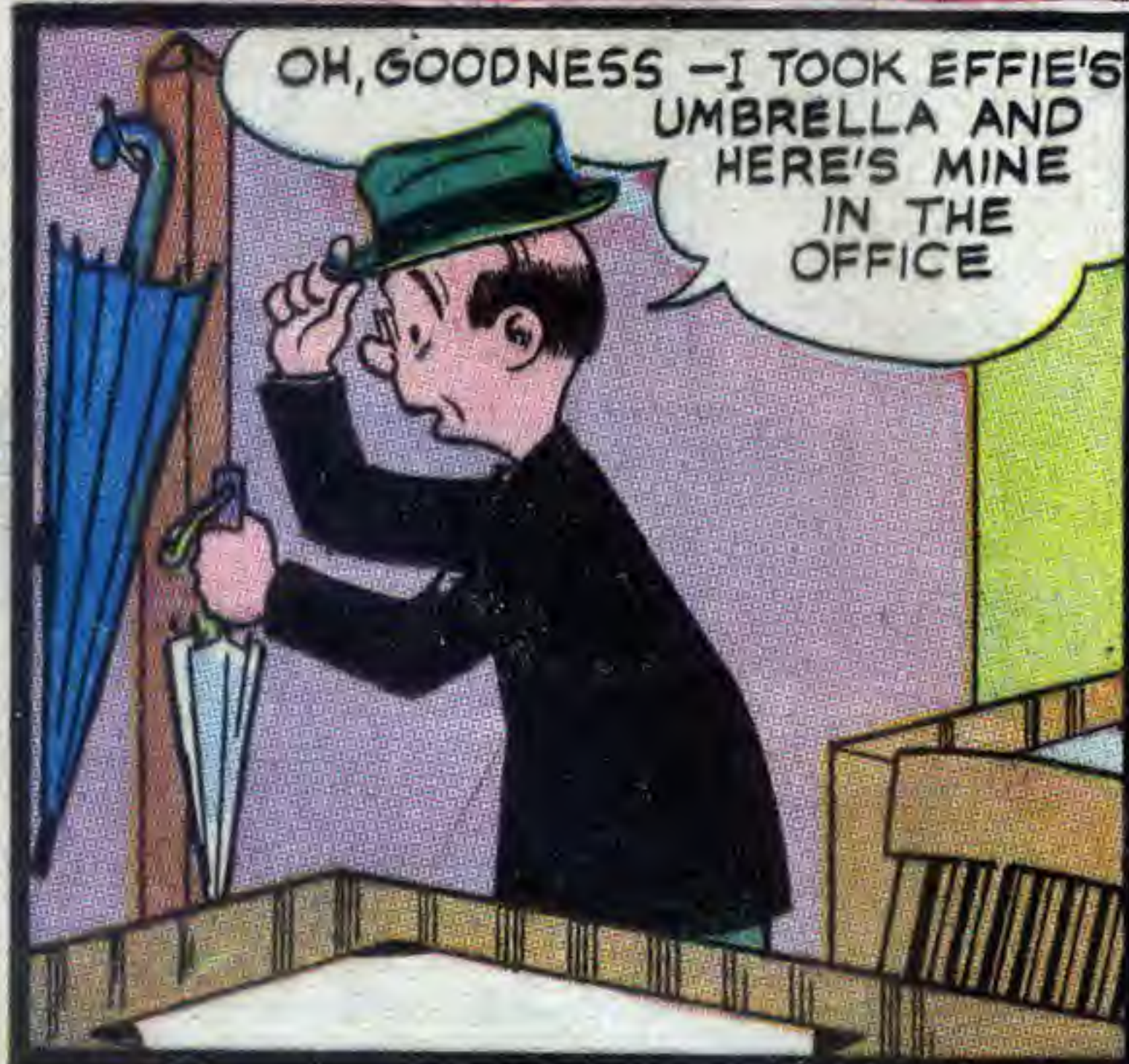
HECTOR-

BY
ALAN MAVER

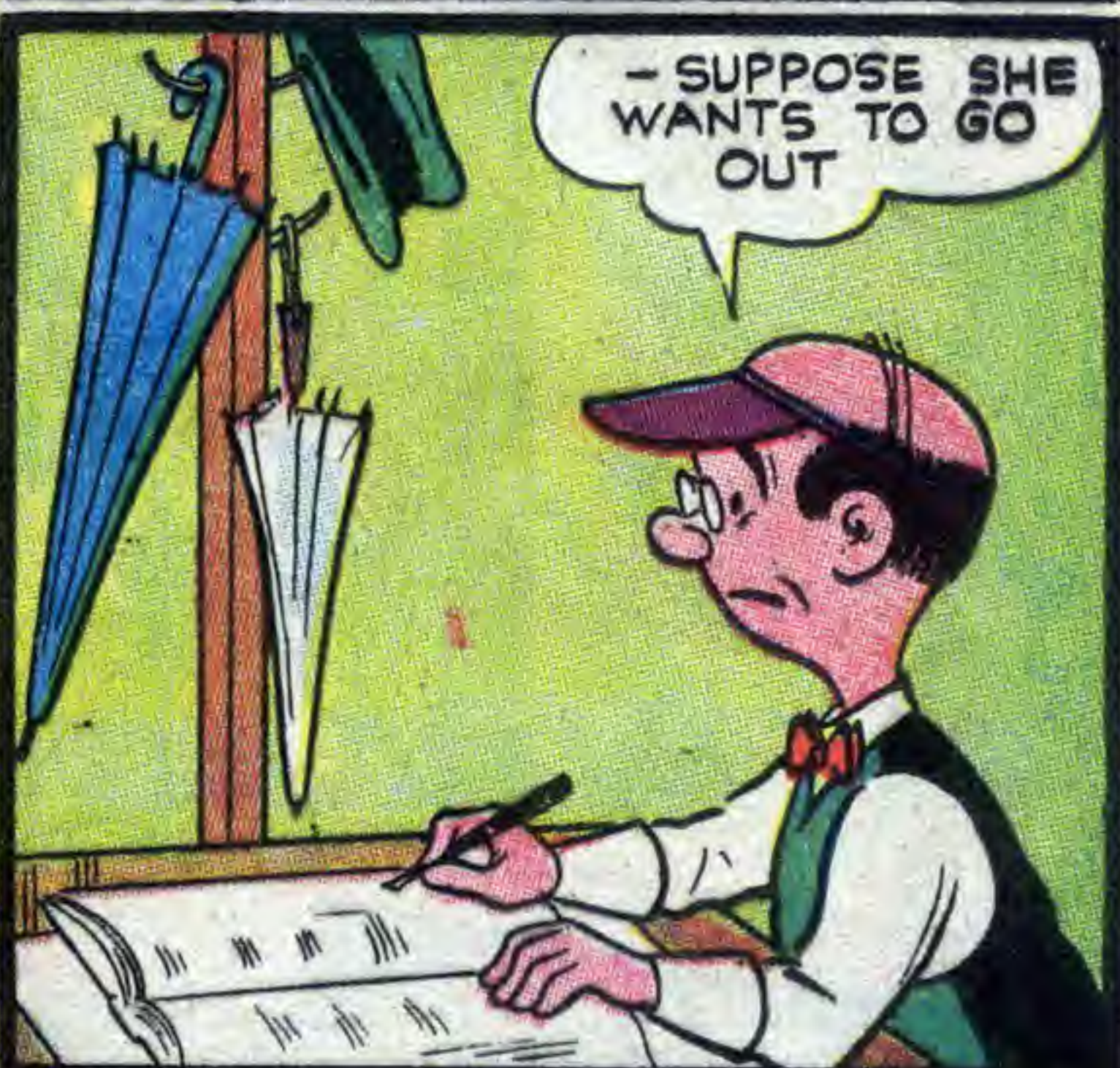
'BYE, DEAR - I'M A
LITTLE LATE FOR
WORK



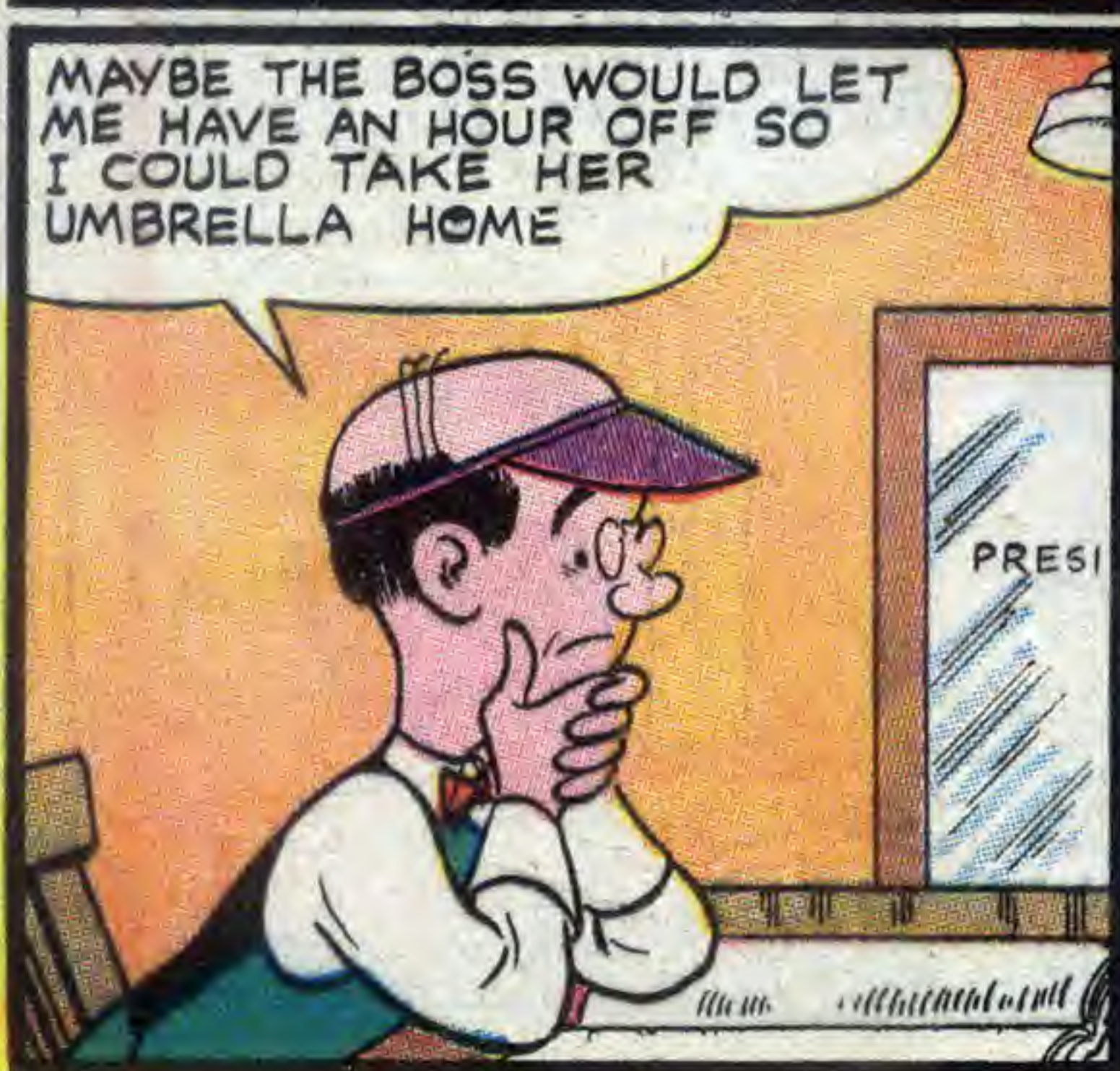
OH, GOODNESS - I TOOK EFFIE'S
UMBRELLA AND
HERE'S MINE
IN THE
OFFICE



- SUPPOSE SHE
WANTS TO GO
OUT

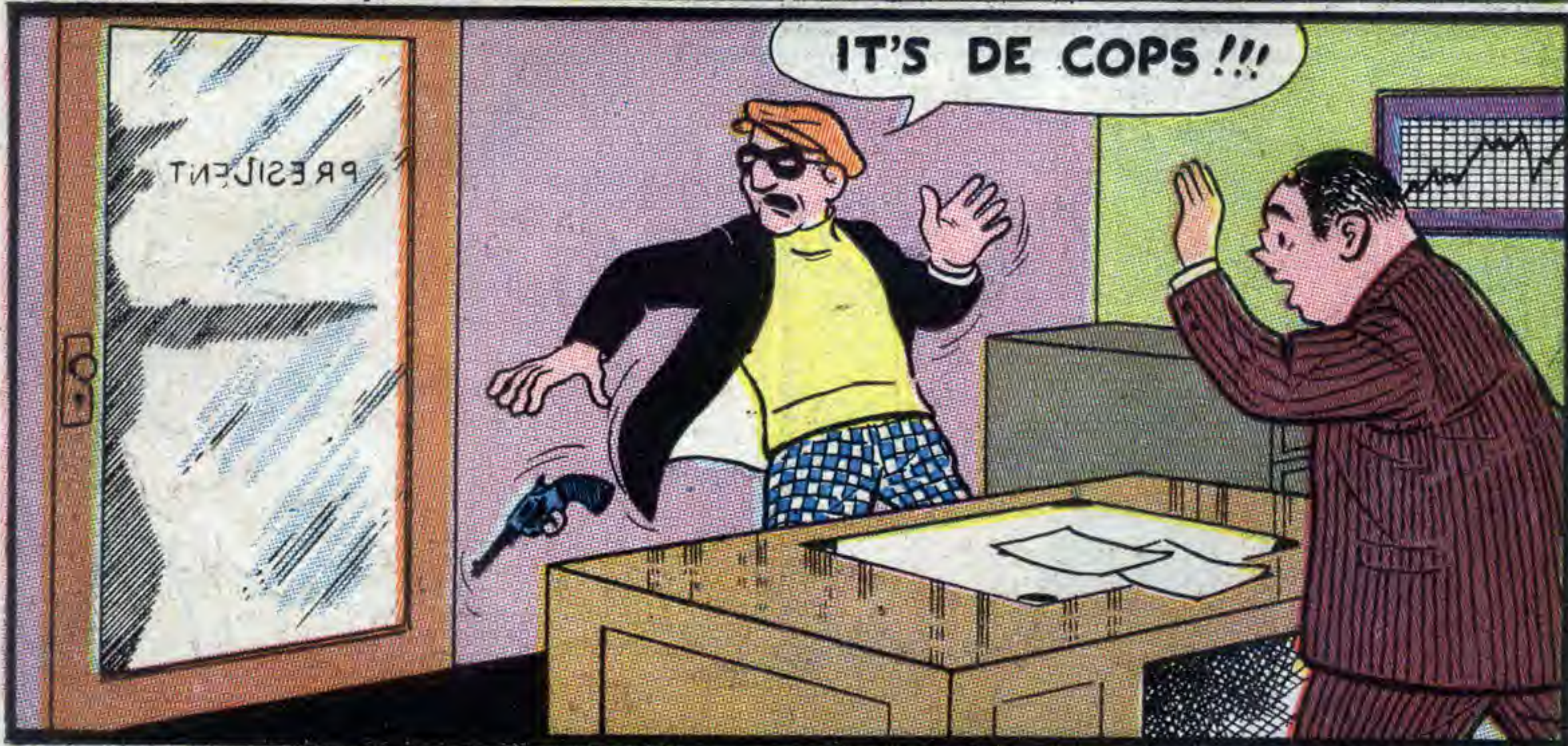
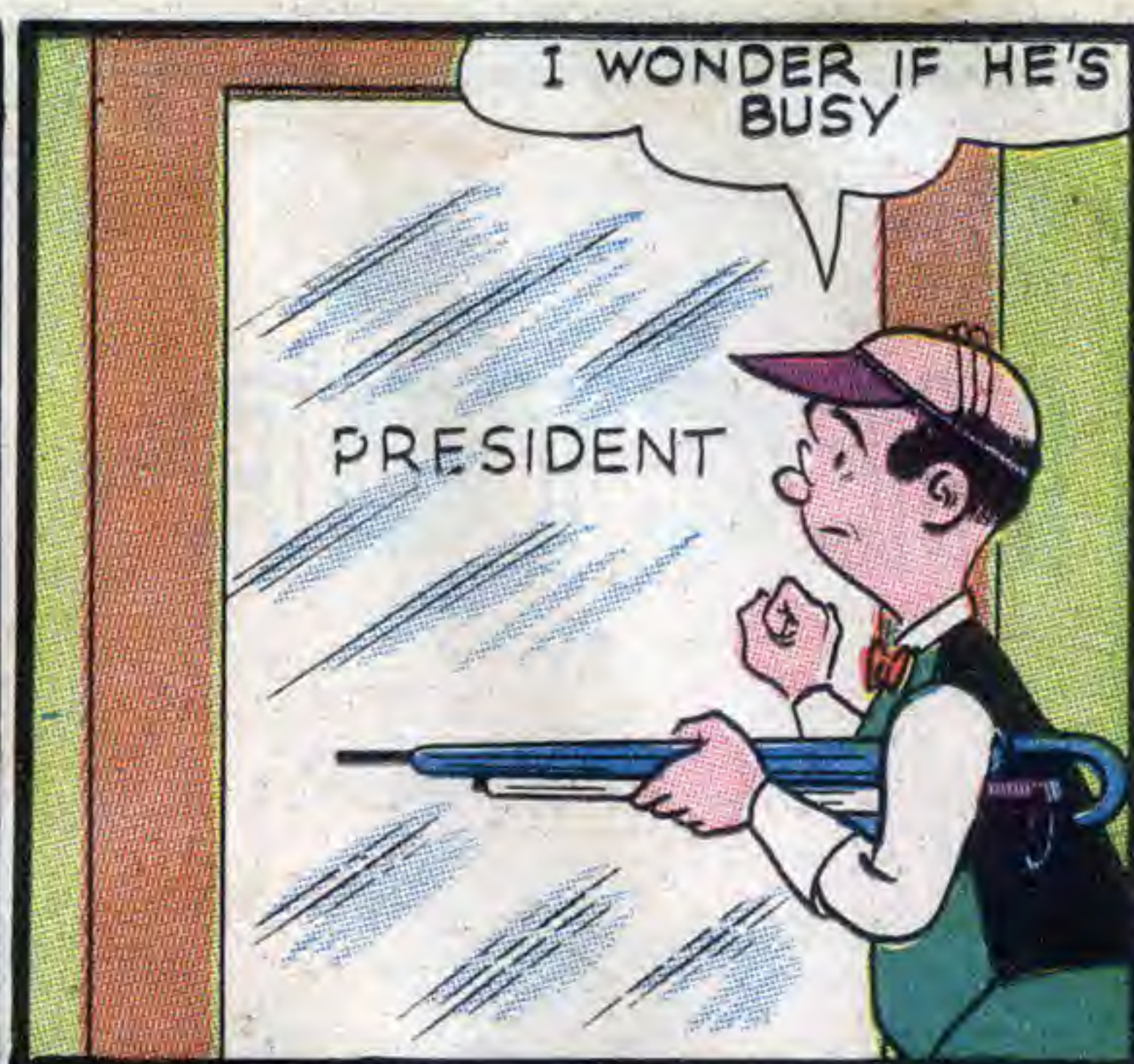
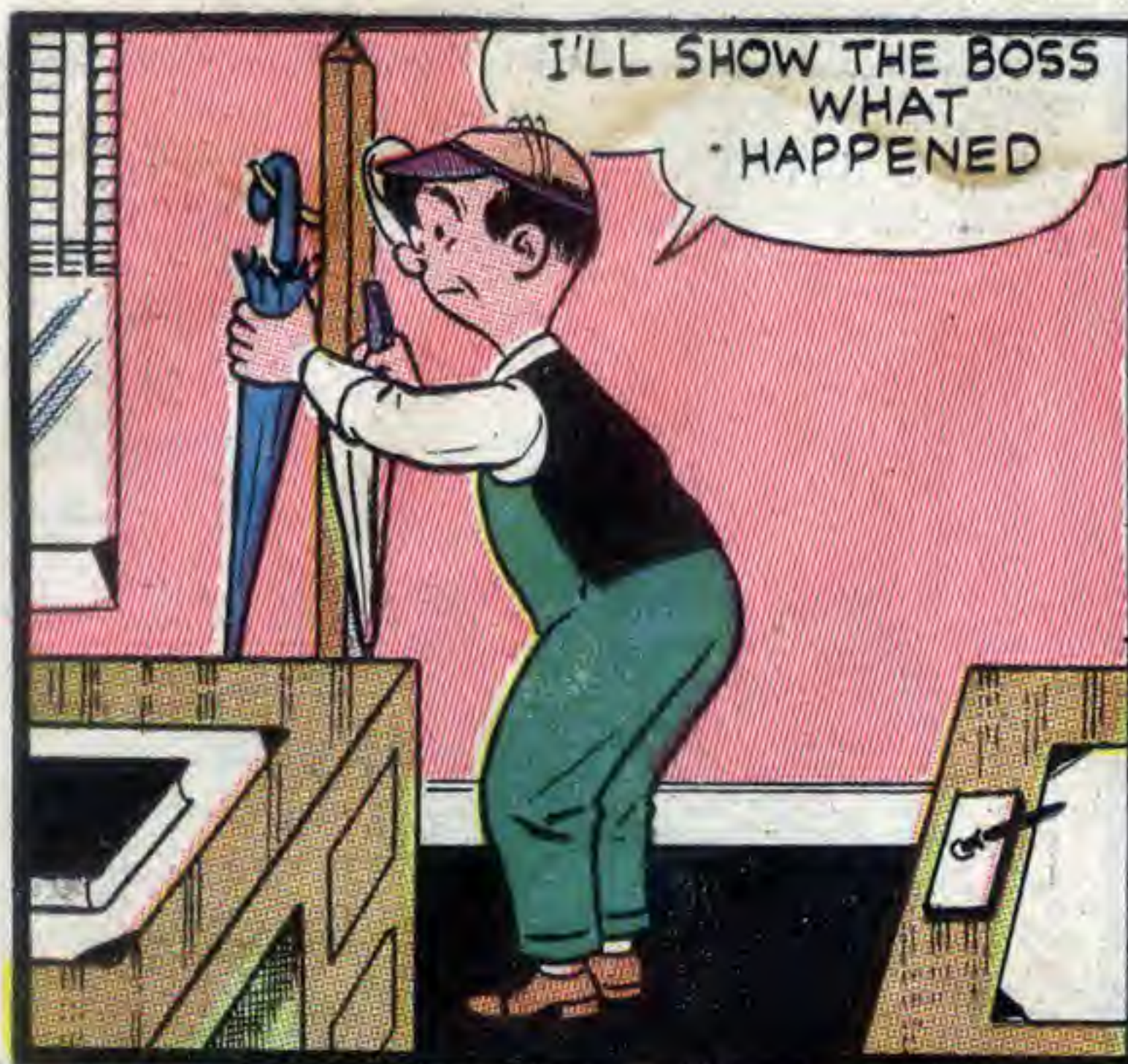


MAYBE THE BOSS WOULD LET
ME HAVE AN HOUR OFF SO
I COULD TAKE HER
UMBRELLA HOME



I COULD STAY LATE AND MAKE
UP THE TIME





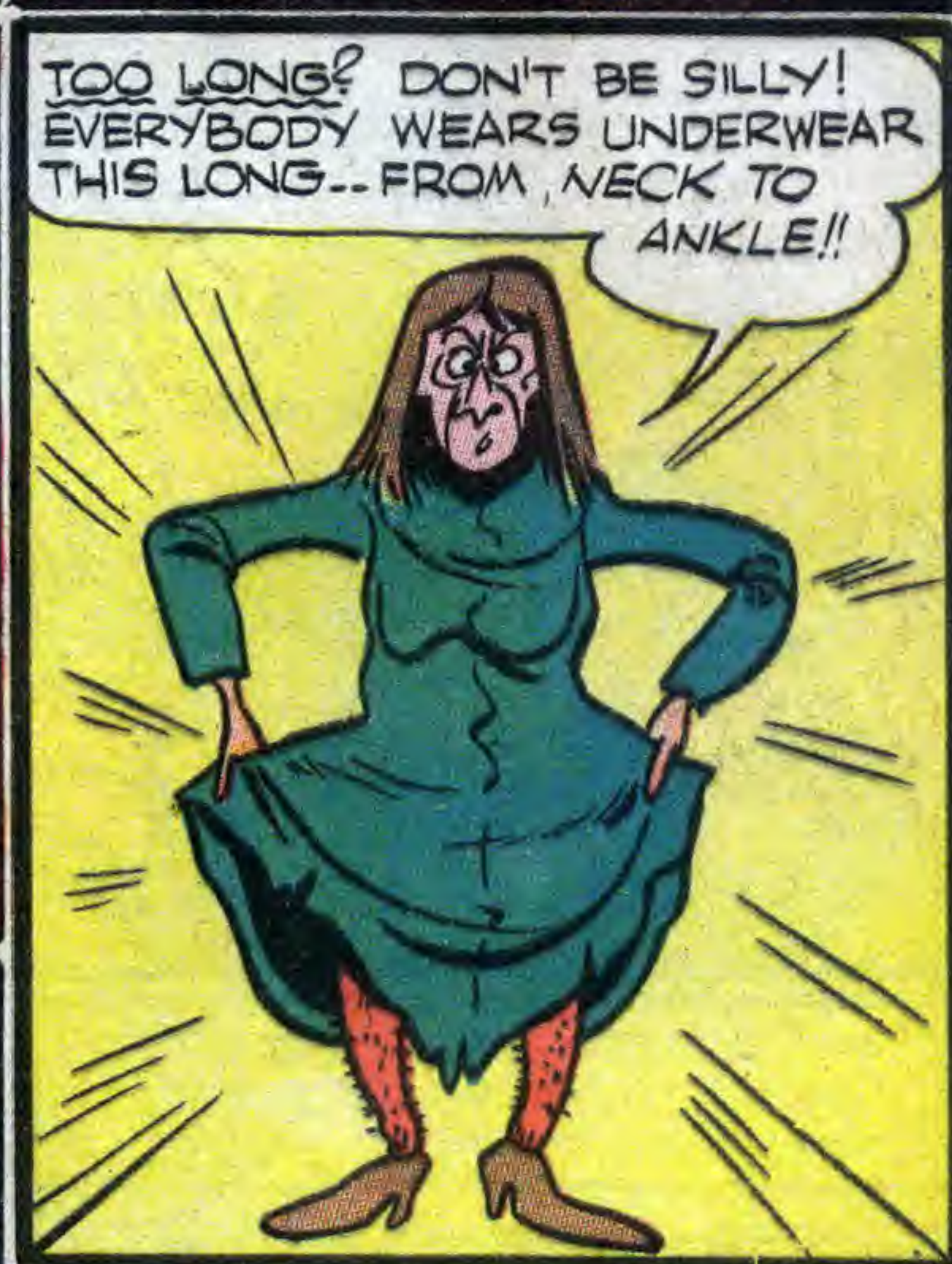


FRANKENSTEIN, THAT SOCIABLE CHAP, IS ENTERTAINING SOME FEMALE VAMPIRE FRIENDS..



OH, MR. FRANKENSTEIN.. YOU'RE TERRIF.. ATOMIC!! YOU SEND ME!!







CHANGE EVERY WEEK? I NEVER SEE ANY WASHING ON YOUR LINE...

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT WASHING THEM?!



HERE Y'ARE-- MY AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO!

OH, GOLLY-- THANKS!!



SAY! THIS IS JUST WHAT I NEED! A BACKSCRATCHER!



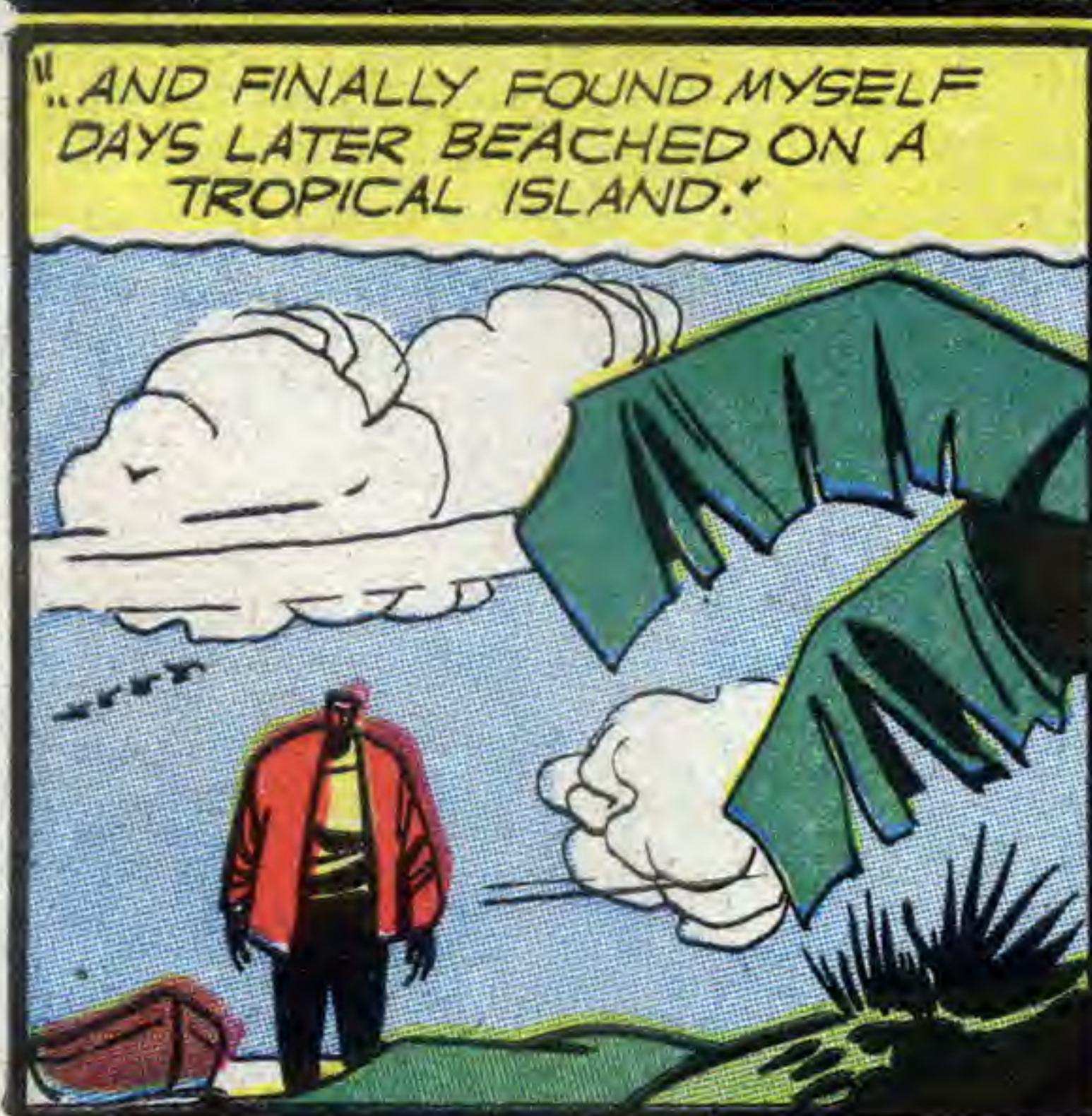
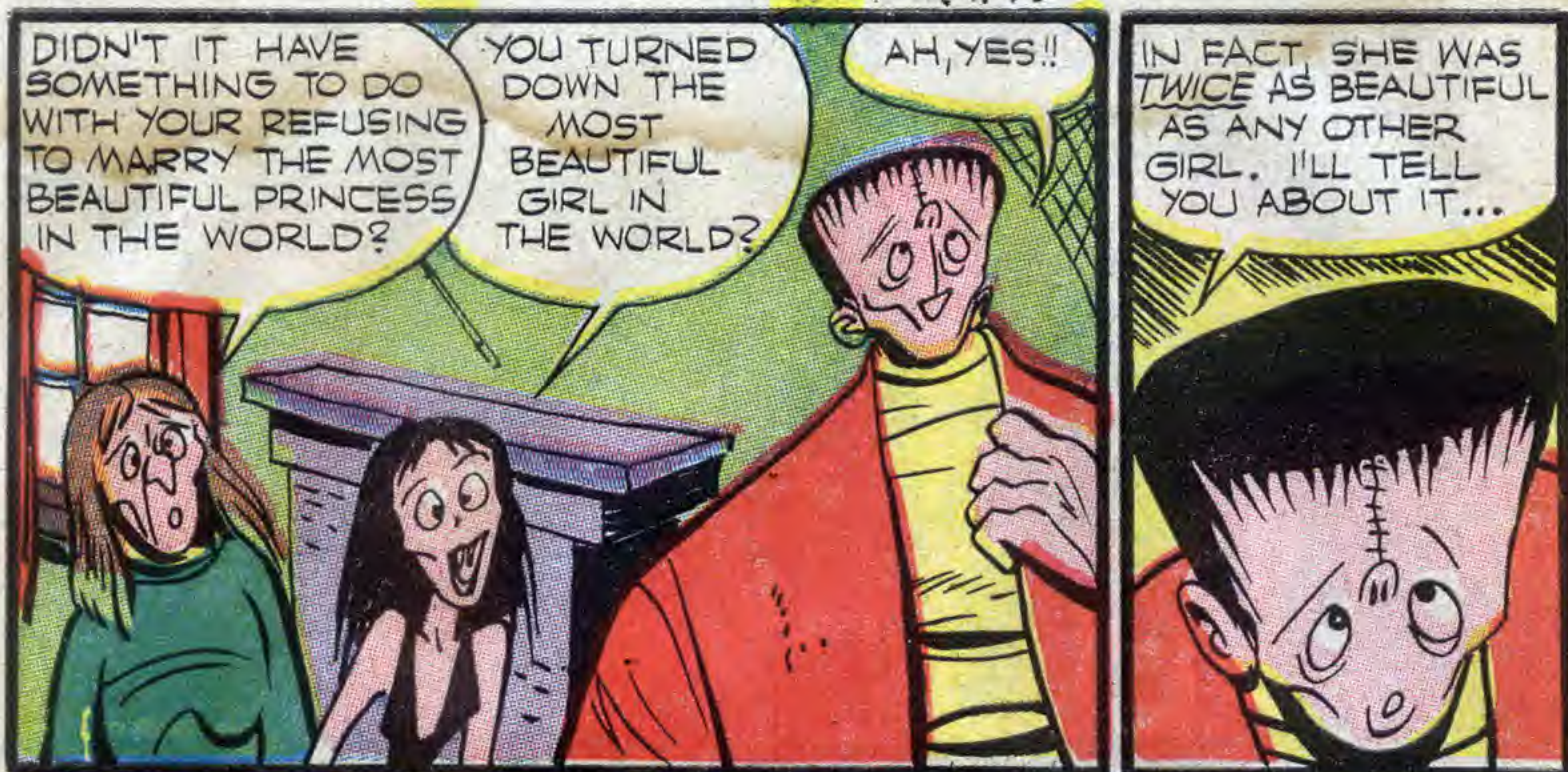
YIPES! LOOK!! YOUR SIGNATURE IS DISAPPEARING!



ALAS YES! SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG WHEN I WAS INVENTED. ANYTHING WRITTEN BY MY HAND DISAPPEARS SHORTLY AFTER.



SPEAKING OF HANDS... I'D SWEAR THIS WAS A REAL HAND. WHERE'D YOU GET IT, FRANKY?





MY NAME IS FRANKENSTEIN.

F..R..A..N..



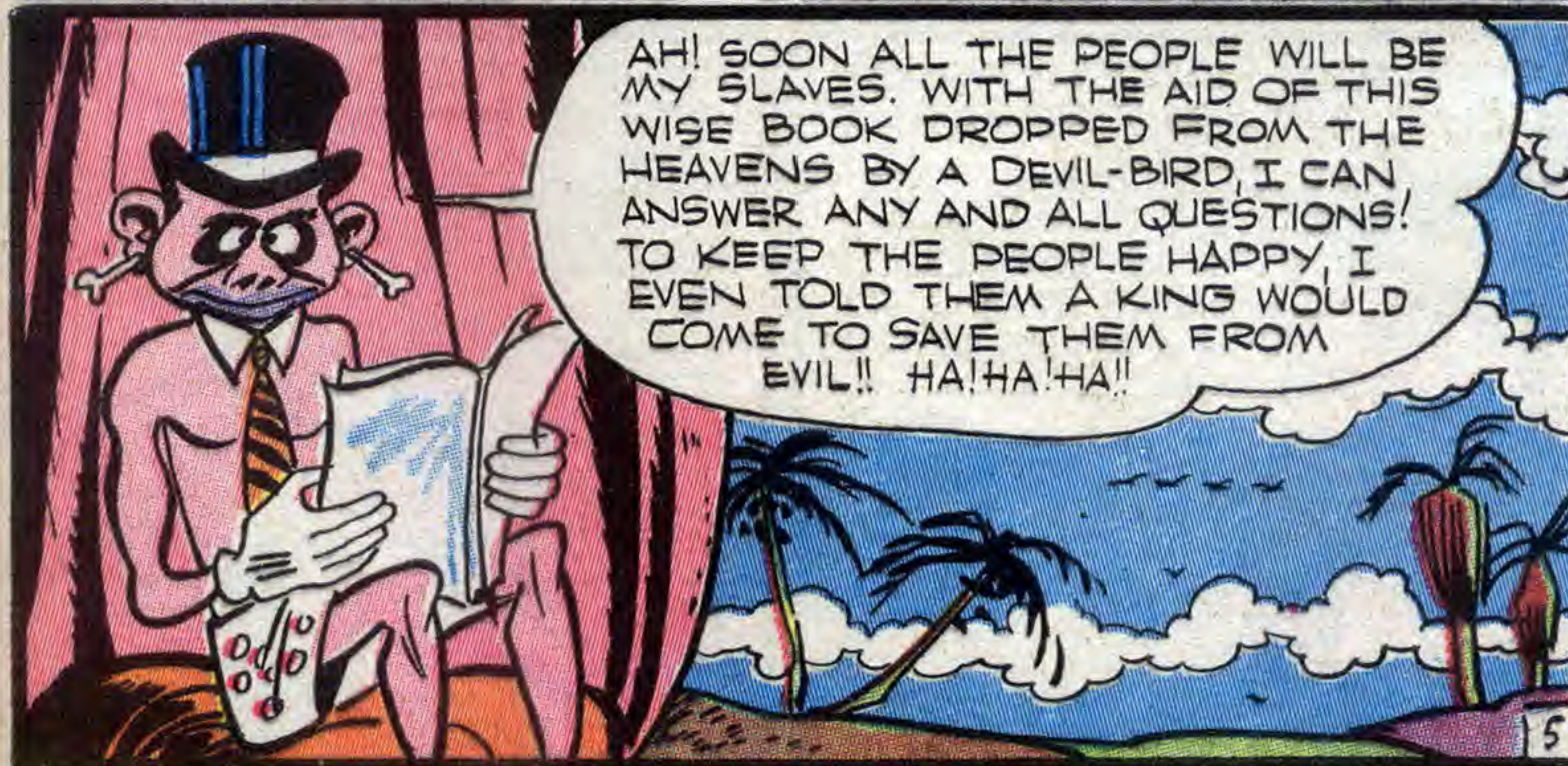
FRANKEN----- YIIII!!
HE HAS COME!!! HE HAS
ARRIVED!!!



WHAT THE..?



HE HAS COME!! OUR KING
HAS COME TO SAVE US!!

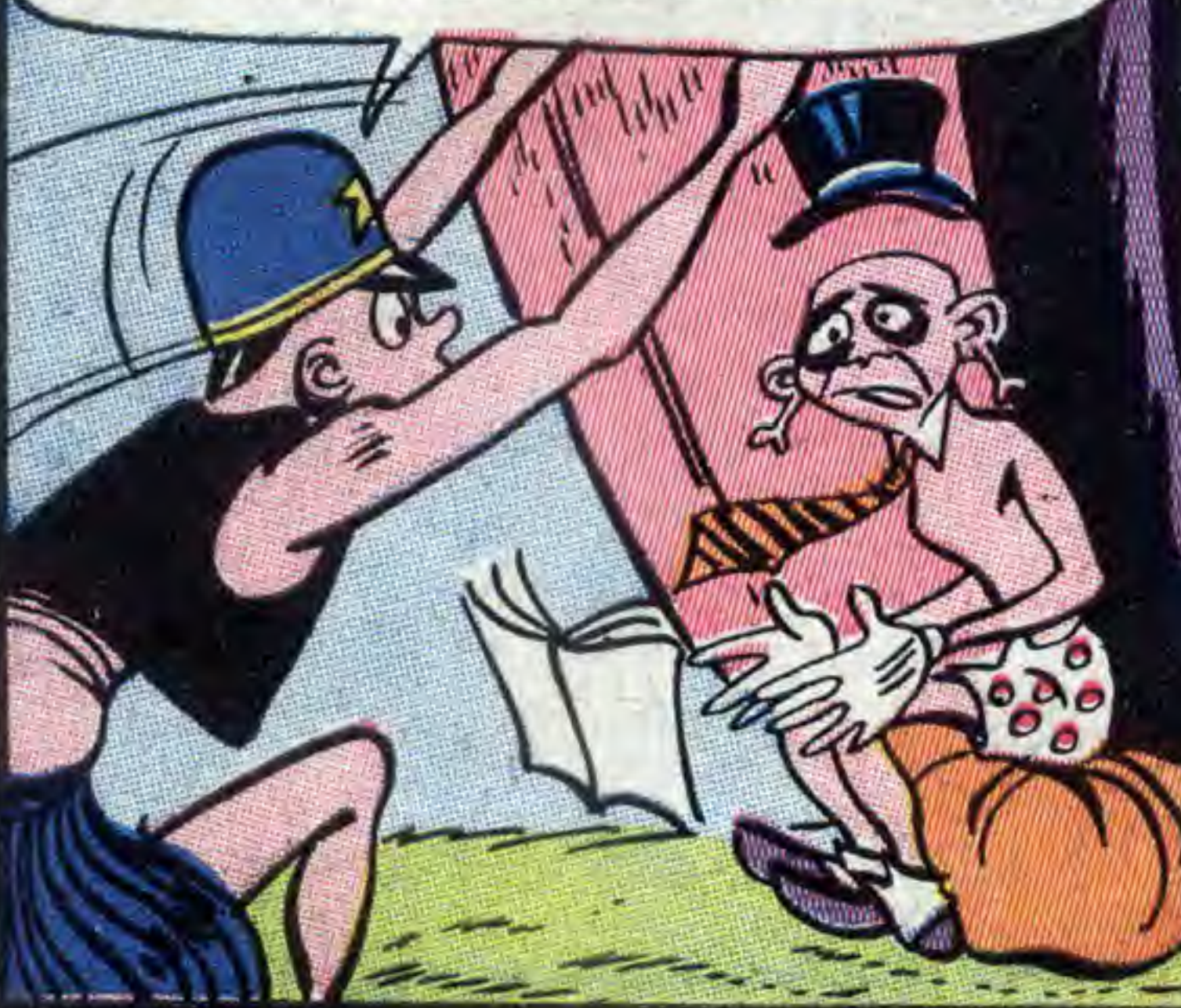


AH! SOON ALL THE PEOPLE WILL BE
MY SLAVES. WITH THE AID OF THIS
WISE BOOK DROPPED FROM THE
HEAVENS BY A DEVIL-BIRD, I CAN
ANSWER ANY AND ALL QUESTIONS!
TO KEEP THE PEOPLE HAPPY, I
EVEN TOLD THEM A KING WOULD
COME TO SAVE THEM FROM
EVIL!! HA!HA!HA!!

YES--A KING WILL COME TO THEM
..AND WHEN THEY ASKED ME HIS
NAME, I TURNED TO A PAGE
AT RANDOM IN THIS WISE BOOK..



HE HAS COME TO US! IT IS
FRANKINCENSE THINE!!!



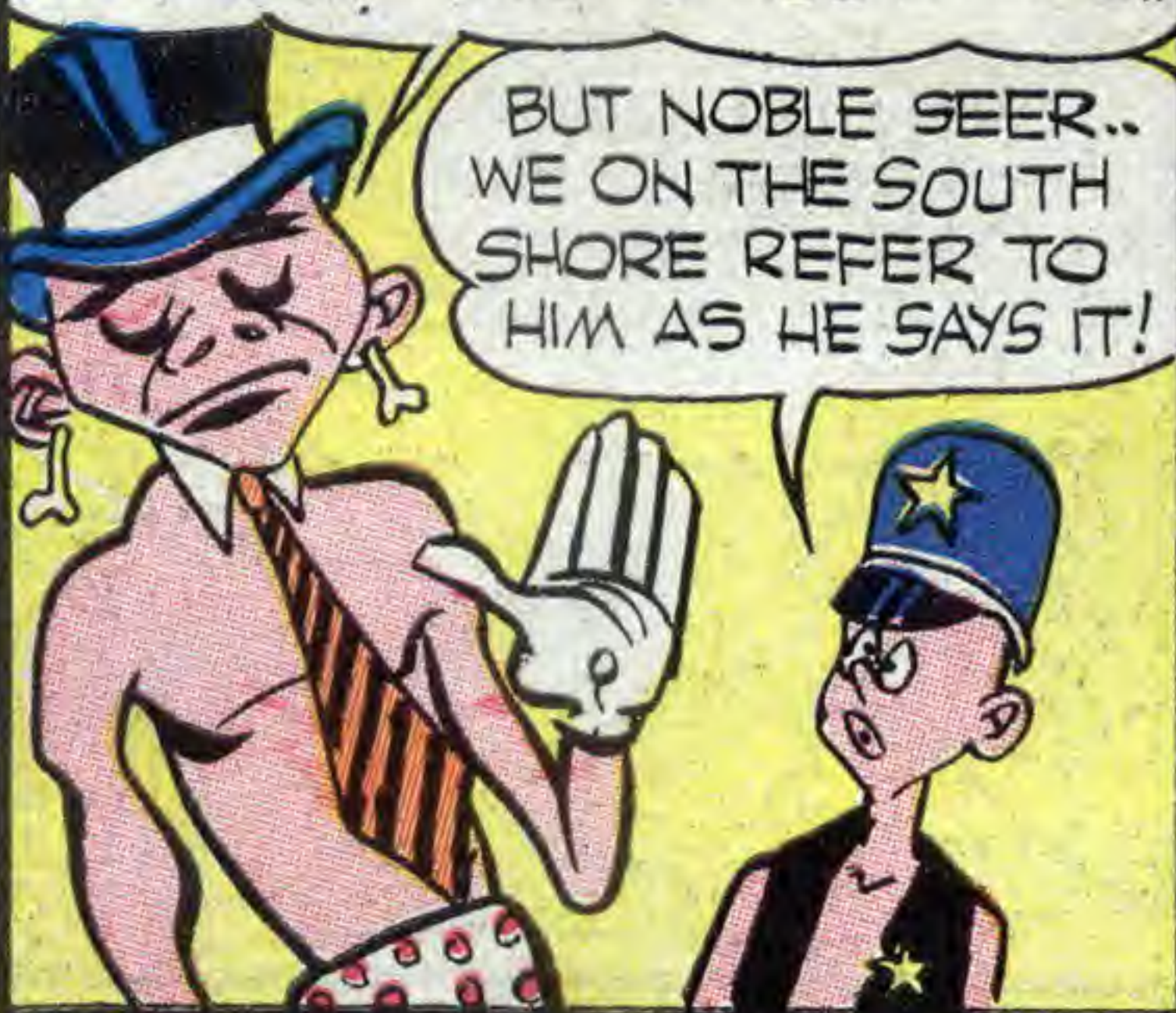
IS THIS TRUE??
YOU ARE
FRANKINCENSE
THINE?

FRANKENSTEIN.



SEE? HEAR? HE DOESN'T PRO-
NOUNCE IT RIGHT. HE'S A FAKE!!

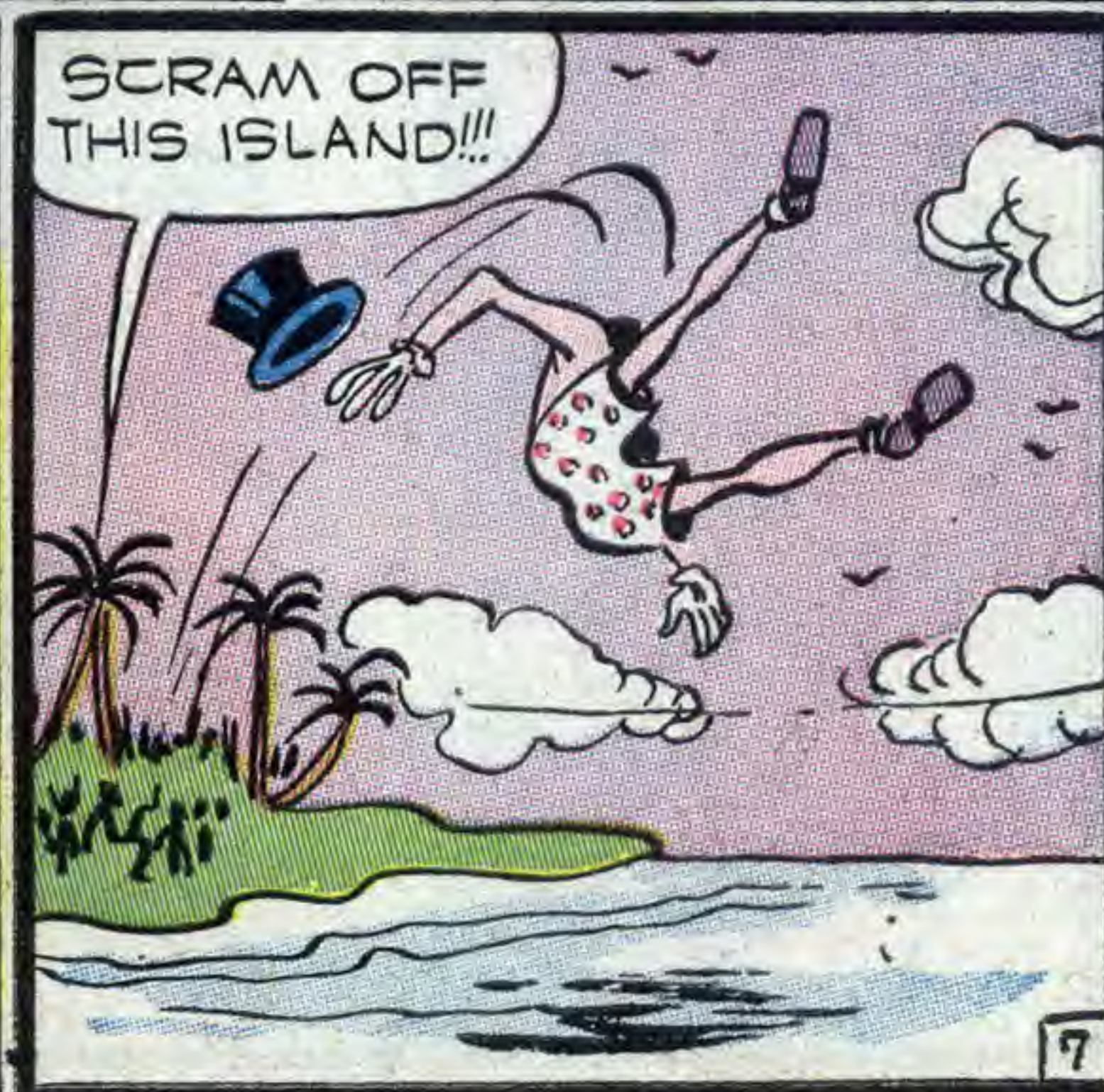
BUT NOBLE SEER..
WE ON THE SOUTH
SHORE REFER TO
HIM AS HE SAYS IT!

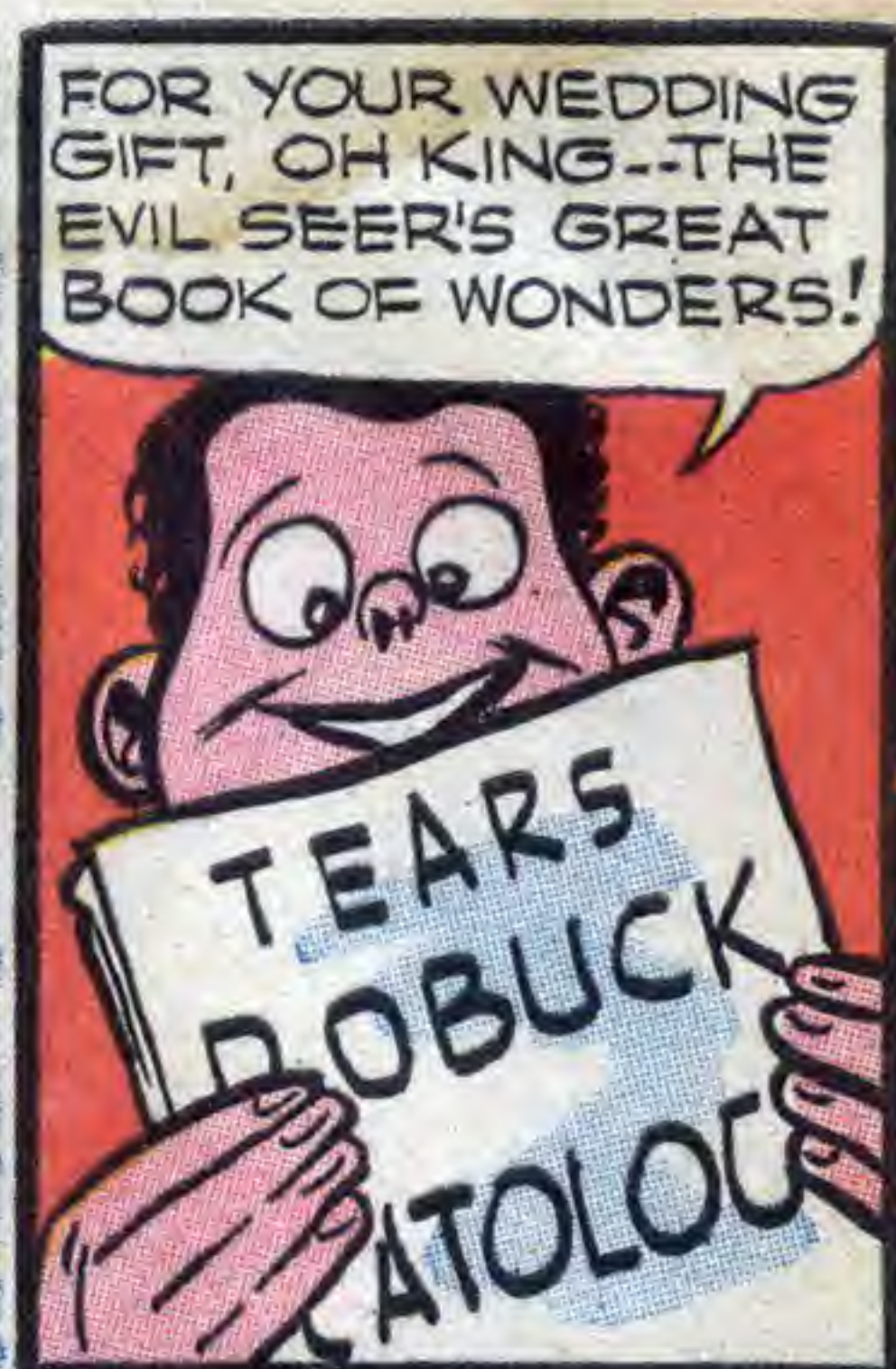
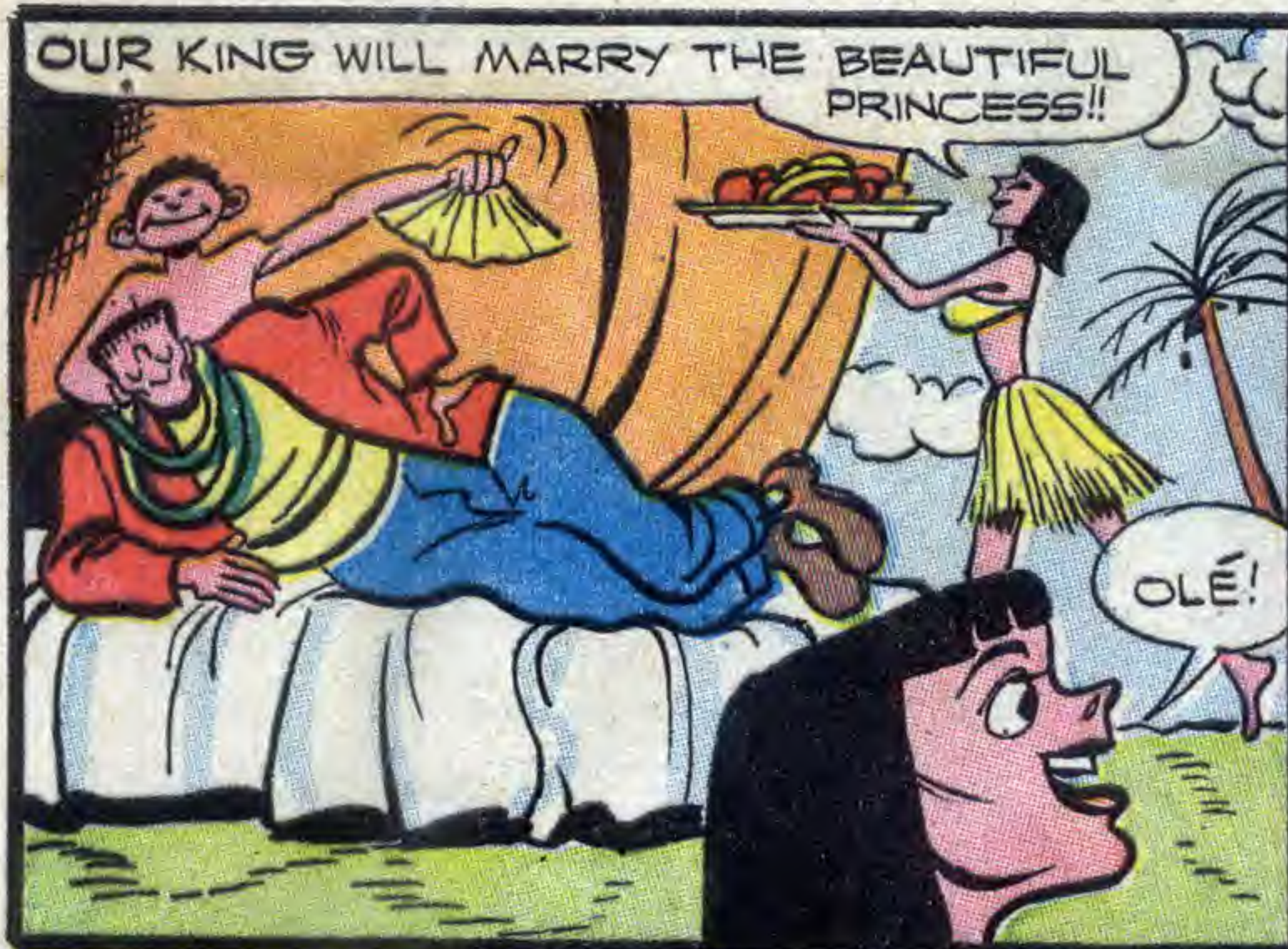


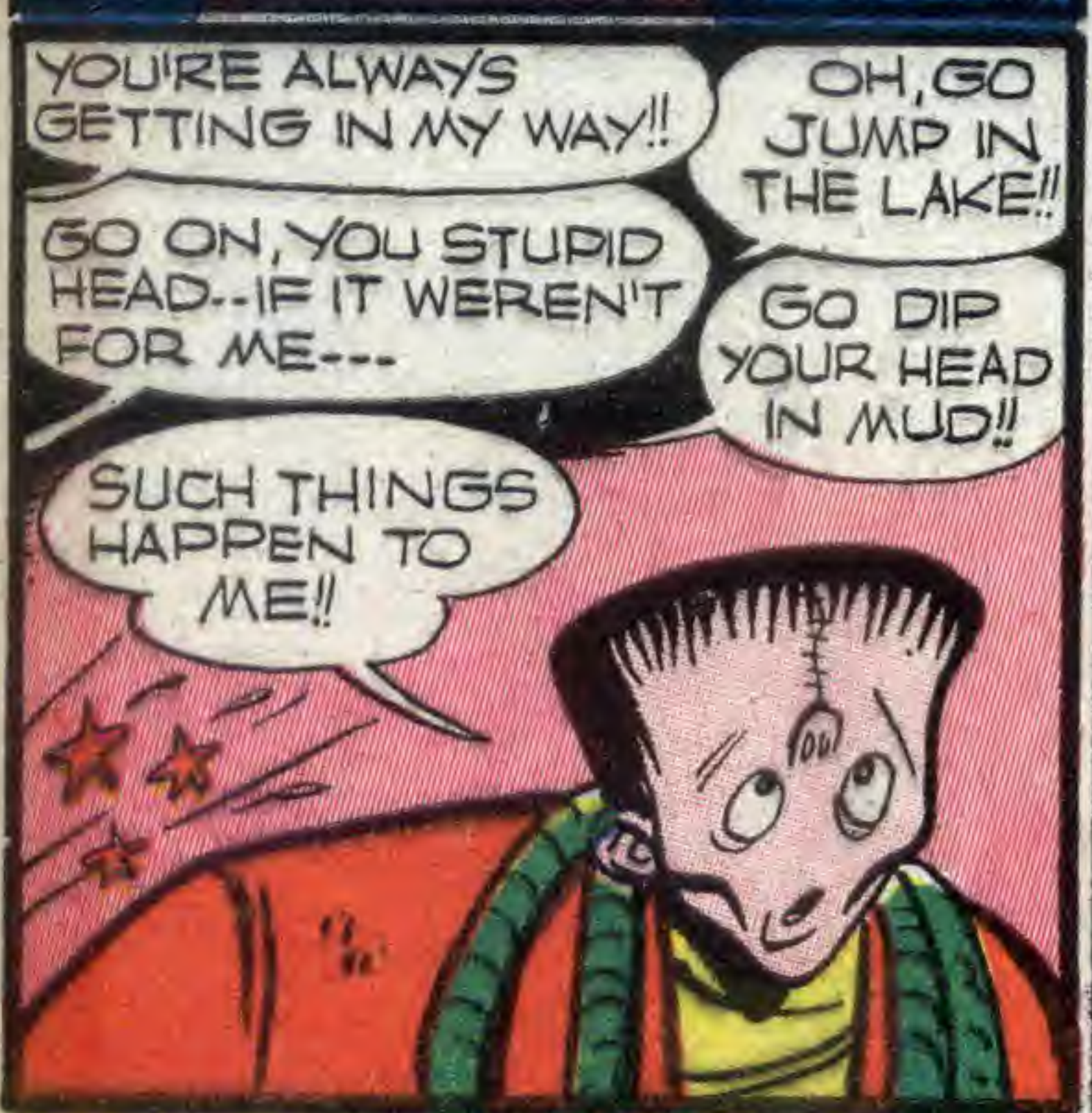
SUCH CONFUSION! I'LL
WRITE IT
OUT.

RIGHT!
WRITE!











AMERICA'S GREATEST Zipper BILLFOLD BARGAIN!

BILLFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN
Breath Taking Colors!

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\$1.98
PLUS TAX



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Style 532—U. S. Map



Style 549—Sporting Scene



Style 525—Buffalo Hunt



Style 520—Hula Girl

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Style 548—Covered Wagon

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MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS: _____
(Give style number and subject)

If more than one Billfold is being ordered, state how many here: _____

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Please send me the Self-Taught Language Books I have checked below. It is understood that if at the end of 7 days I am not satisfied I will return the books and my money will be refunded.

☐ SPANISH ☐ POLISH
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Enclosed is ☐ Money Order, ☐ Check to cover cost of books at 50c ea., 3 for \$1.00, 5 for \$1.65.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Canadian & foreign orders 20% additional—cash with order

☐ Send C.O.D.; I will pay postman \$..... plus postage and C.O.D. charges.

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WITH YOUR ORDER



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☐ POLICE WRESTLING 50c

(If you check two books, we will send you the third FREE.)

Enclosed find \$..... Please send the books all charges prepaid.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE..... STATE.....

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

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It has a
LUMINOUS
"SEE-IN-THE-DARK" DIAL

SENSATIONAL LOW PRICE

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Complete
Ready
to Use

LOOK AT THESE SUPER FEATURES!

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Now you can have a "sealed-in-liquid" Airplane-type Compass on your bike to resemble those used in the big Airliners. You can sit back and relax just like the famous pilots and navigators do. Blaze new trails. Ride for miles anywhere. Your faithful Bike Compass will always show you the direction you are going. The big dial is clearly visible by day—then when night falls, the guiding letters and numbers temporarily become luminous so that as long as the luminosity is on, you "see in the dark" just as clear and readable as by day.

You'll Be The Envy Of Your Friends And A "Leader on Wheels" with your Bike Pilot Compass

What a compass this is. It's shock-proof, water-proof, precision perfect. Made to perform and direct you faithfully under any and all climatic conditions. Takes the bumps and the rough roads in stride—unfailing and unbreakable. Your friends will let you take the lead when you go on long trips. There's fun for everybody when you "ride by compass"—thrills aplenty when the weather is bad and "foggy". "Ride blind" by instrument just as the sky pilots do. Rush your order now, so that you can begin at once to enjoy the many advantages your Bike Pilot Compass offers you. The low price of \$1.95 includes everything needed to install in a jiffy.

Use It For 10 Days — See How Well It Works!

So confident are we that you'll be positively delighted with the way this Bike Pilot Compass looks and performs, we let you use it as your own for 10 full days. Take it around—show it to your friends. Ride with it over new, uncharted roads. Then if you don't agree that this is the greatest invention for your bike you've ever seen, return it and your money will be refunded promptly. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail the coupon below, then on arrival of compass pay postman the low price of only \$1.95 plus few cents postage.

SEND NO MONEY! — RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 901
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

Gentlemen: ☐ Rush me the Bike-Pilot Compass as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee offer. I will pay postman only \$1.95 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

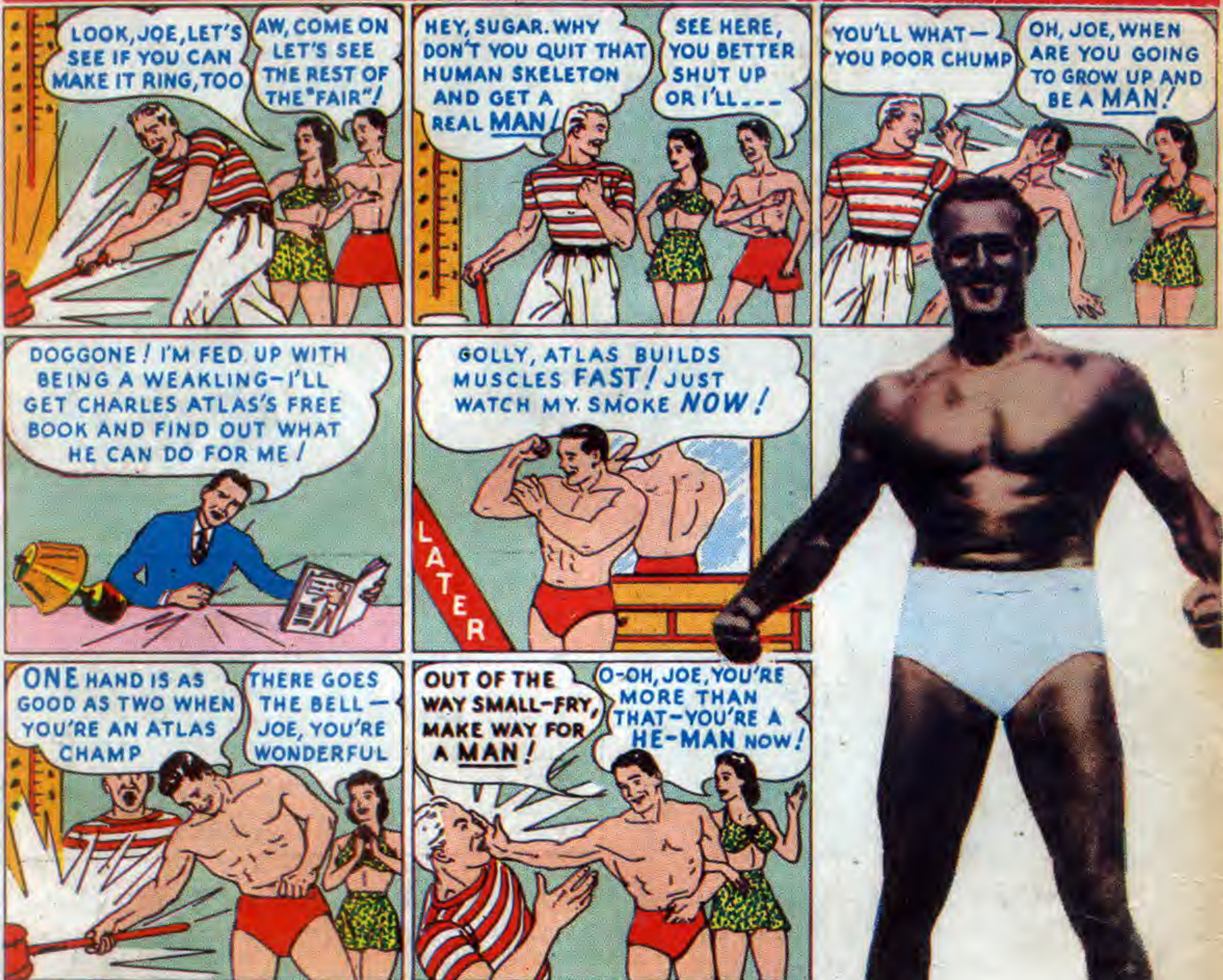
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose \$1.95 in advance with my order. Send the Bike-Pilot Compass to me all shipping charges prepaid.

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP



I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with redblooded vitality!

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Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

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Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

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FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they look before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Department 3407, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, New York.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3407,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



"BOBBY SMILED AT HIS BABY SITTER. SHE WAS A LIVING DOLL! TALL AND SHAPELY"... GAY. WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COMIC BOOK, DENNIS?"